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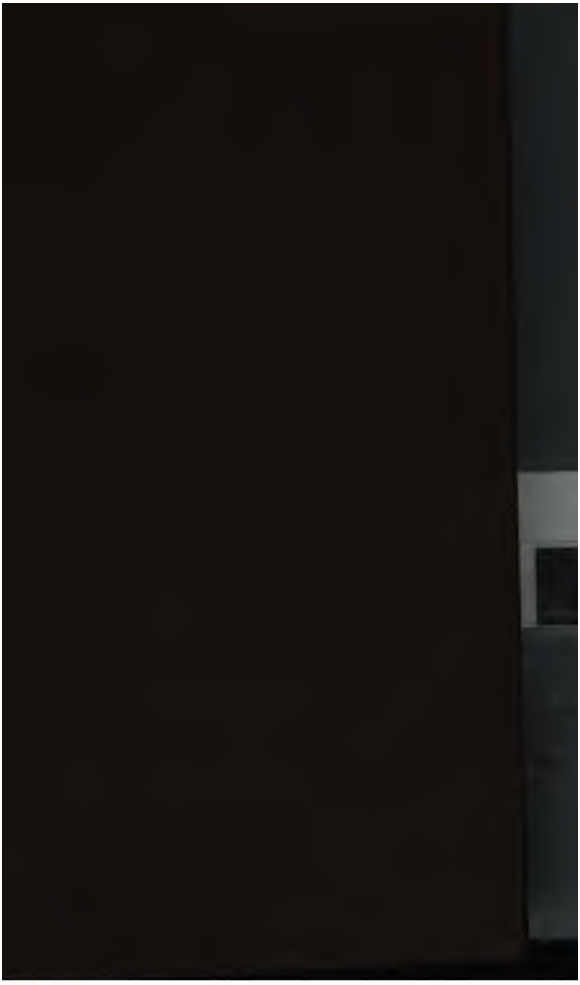

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
Who t' thy one all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit
Came forth examples, and remain so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
And which no' affection praise enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would,
But leave, because I cannot as I should.

BEN. JONSON.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

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DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

CONTAINING HIS

ELEGIES, FUNERAL ELEGIES, LETTERS, &

I will not draw the envy to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all our loss;
Those are too numerous for an elegie,
And this too great to be express'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen should share a distinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incise:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flamens, and both those the best,
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.

THO. CAR

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1800.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I. JEALOUSY.

Fond woman, which wouldst have thy husband die,
And yet complain'st of his great Jealousy:
If swoln with poison he lay in his last bed,
His body with a sere-cloth covered,
Drawing his breath as thick and short as can
The nimblest crochating musician,
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spue
His soul out of one hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd tears great legacies,
Thou wouldst not weep, but jolly and frolic be,
As a slave which to-morrow should be free;
Yet weep'st thou when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane Jealousy.
O! give him many thanks, he's courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us:
We must not, as we us'd, flout openly
In scoffing riddles his deformity;
Nor, at his board together being sate
With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate:
Nor when he, swoln and pamper'd with high fare,
Sits down and snorts, cag'd in his basket-chair,

Must we usurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiss and play in his house as before.
Now do I see my danger, for it is
His realm, his castle, and his diocese.
But if (as envious men, which would revile
Their prince, or coin his gold, themselves exile
Into another country', and do it there)
We play' in another's house, what should we fear?
There will we scorn his household policies,
His silly plots and pensionary spies;
As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
Do London's Mayor, or Germans the Pope's pride.

ELEGY II. THE ANAGRAM.

Marry and love thy Flavia, for she
Hath all things whereby others beauteous be;
For tho' her eyes be small her mouth is great;
Tho' their's be ivory, yet her teeth be jeat;
Though they be dim, yet she is light enough,
And tho' her harsh hair's foul, her skin is rough.
What tho' her cheeks be yellow, her hair's red;
Give her thine, and she hath a maidenhead.
These things are beauty's elements; where these
Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
If red and white, and each good quality,
Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie.

In buying things perfum'd, we ask if there
Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
Tho' all her parts be not in th' usual place,
She' hath yet the Anagrams of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words what could we say?
When by the gamut some musicians make
A perfect song, others will undertake,
By the same gamut chang'd, to equal it.
Things simply good can never be unfit;
She's fair as any, if all be like her;
And if none be, then she is singular.
All love is wonder; if we justly do
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty soon as beauty dies:
Chuse this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like angels; the fair be
Like those which fell to worse; but such as she,
Like to good angels nothing can impair:
'Tis less grief to be foul than to' have been fair.
For one night's revels silk and gold we chuse,
But in long journies cloth and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft'; best husbands say
There is best land where there is foulest way.
Oh! what a sovereign plaister will she be,
If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy!
Here needs no spies nor eunuchs, her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmosit.

Like Belgia's cities, when the country drowns,
That dirty foulness guards and arms the towns;
So doth her face guard her; and so for thee
Who, forc'd by bus'ness, absent oft must be:
She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier than the sea, makes Moors seem white;
Whom, tho' seven years she in the stews had laid,
A nunnery durst receive, and think a maid;
And tho' in child-birth's labour she did lie,
Midwives would swear 'twere but a timpany;
Whom, if she' accuse herself, I credit less
Than witches, which impossibles confess.
One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were;
For things in fashion every man will wear.

ELEGY III. CHANGE.

Altho' thy hand and faith, and good works too,
Have seal'd thy love, which nothing should undo,
Yea, tho' thou fall back, that apostasy
Confirms thy love; yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are, like the arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to' all searchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him fly,
Another fowler, using those means as I,
May catch the same bird; and, as these things be,
Women are made for men, not him nor me.

Foxes, goats, and all beasts, change when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild, than these,
Be bound to one man, and bid Nature then
Idly make them apter to' endure than men?
They're our cloggs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley's free.
Who hath a plow-land casts all his seed-corn there,
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear.
Tho' Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receive the Rhine, Volga, and Po,
By Nature, which gave it this liberty.
Thou lov'st, but, oh! canst thou love it and me?
Likeness glews love; and if that thou so do,
To make us like and love must I change too?
More than thy hate I hate it; rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft' as she;
And so not teach, but force my' opinion
To love not any one nor every one.
To live in one land is captivity;
To run all countries a wild roguery.
Waters stink soon if in one place they' abide,
And in the vast sea are more purify'd:
But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
Then are they purest. Change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life, and eternity.

Only thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traiterously hast betray'd,
And unsuspected hast invisibly
At once fled unto him and stay'd with me.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound;
By thee the silly amorous sucks his death,
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath;
By thee the greatest stain to man's estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Tho' you be much lov'd in the prince's hall,
There things that seem exceed substantial.
Gods, when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Because you're burnt, not that they lik'd your smell.
You 're loathsome all, being ta'en simply alone;
Shall we love ill things join'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soon decay,
And you are rare that takes the good away.
All my Perfumes I give most willingly
T' embalm thy father's corse; what? will he die?

ELEGY V. HIS PICTURE.

Here, take my Picture; tho' I bid farewell:
Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell;
'Tis like me now, but, I dead, 'twill be more,
When we are shadows both, than 'twas before.

When weather-beaten I come back, my hand,
Perhaps, with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tann'd;
My face and breast of hair-cloth, and my head
With care's harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread;
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stains scatter'd on my skin;
If rival fools tax thee t' have lov'd a man,
So foul and coarse as, oh! I may seem then,
This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
Do his hurts reach me? Doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less, what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk, which in Love's childish state
Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that, which to weak tastes seems tough.

ELEGY VI.

Oh! let me not serve so, as those men serve
Whom honour's smoaks at once flatter and starve:
Poorly enrich'd with great men's words or looks,
Nor so write my name in thy loving books,
As those idolatrous flatterers, which still
Their prince's stiles which many names fulfill,
Whence they no tribute have, and bear no sway.
Such services I offer as shall pay

y mind to scorn; and, oh! Love dull'd with pa
as ne'er so wise nor well arm'd as Disdain.
hen with new eyes I shall survey and spy
eath in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye.
ho' hope breed faith and love, thus taught, I sh
s nations do from Rome, from thy love fall;
y hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
will renounce thy dalliance; and when I
m the recusant, in that resolute state
hat hurts it me to be' excommunicate?

ELEGY VII.

Nature's lay ideot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, oh! how thou dost prove
Too subtile! Fool, thou didst not understand
The mystic language of the eye nor hand;
Nor couldst thou judge the diff'rence of the air
Of sighs, and say this lies, this sounds despair;
Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then the alphabet
Of flowers, how they devisefully being set

y cairns betroth —,
purgatory, faithless thee,
rt seem'd wax, and steel thy constancy:
ess flowers, strew'd on the water's face,
led whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
)wn them; so the taper's beamy eye,
)usly twinkling, beckons the giddy fly,
)rns his wings; and such the devil is,
: visiting them who 're entirely his.
n I behold a stream, which from the spring
, with doubtful melodious murmuring,
) a speechless slumber, calmly ride
wedded channel's bosom, and there chide,
bend her brows, and swell, if any bough
)ut stoop down to kiss her utmost brow;
if her often gnawing kisses win
traiterous banks to gape and ler her in,
··heth violently, and doth divorce
her long kept cour

My mind to scorn; and, oh! Love dull'd with pain
Was ne'er so wise nor well arm'd as Disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall survey and spy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye.
Tho' hope breed faith and love, thus taught, I shall,
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall;
My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance; and when I
Am the recusant, in that resolute state
What hurts it me to be' excommunicate?

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Too subtile! Fool, thou didst not understand
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Nor couldst thou judge the diff'rence of the air
Of sighs, and say this lies, this sounds despair;
Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then the alphabet
Of flowers, how they, devisefully being set
And bound up, might, with speechless secrecy,
Deliver errands mutely and mutually.
Remember, since all thy words us'd to be
To ev'ry suitor, "I, if my friends agree,"

Since household charms thy husband's name to teach,
Were all the love-tricks that thy wit could reach;
And since an hour's discourse could scarce have made
One answer in thee, and that ill array'd
In broken proverbs and torn sentences,
Thou art not by so many duties his
(That from the world's common having sever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seen nor see)
As mine; who have, with amorous delicacies,
Refin'd thee into' a blissful Paradise.
Thy graces and good works my creatures be;
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee;
Which, oh! shall strangers taste? must I, alas!
Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?
Chafe wax for others' seals? break a colt's force,
And leave him then, being made a ready horse?

ELEGY VIII. THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
As that which from chaf'd musk-cats' pores doth trill,
As the almighty balm of th' early East,
Such are the sweat-drops of my mistress' breast;
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
They seem no sweat-drops, but pearl coronets.
Rank sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles,
Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous boiles,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Which were (in hony showrings former blest;
And like vile stones lying (neglected) in
Or warts or wens, [illegible] skin
Round-rubie-circled, hairhead, on each side
Like to the fatal-ball which fell on Ide,
On that (disputed) hill betwixt jealousy
As for the ravishing thorns of [illegible]
Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jet,
Where nought but eyes, nose, mouth, and chin yet scarce set;
Like the first chaos, ere form entering face
Of Cynthia, when the earth's shadow her embrace;
Like Pyrrha's stony beauty-lumping chest,
Or Jove's last fortune's aym, in her fair breast.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in seal's skin,
Or grave that's dust without and stink within;
And like that tender stalk, at whose end stands
The wood-bine quivering, are her arms and hands;
Like rough-bark'd elm-boughs, or the russet skin
Of men late scourg'd for madness or for sin;
Like sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tann'd skin's lamentable state;
And like a bunch of ragged carrets stand
The short swoln fingers of thy mistress' hand.
Then like the chymic's masculine equal fire,
Which in the limbeck's warm womb doth inspire

Into th' earth's worthless dirt a soul of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best-lov'd part doth hold.
Thine 's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds; or like to that Ætna,
Where, round about, the grass is burnt away.
Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
As a worm sucking an invenom'd sore?
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers still fears a snake?
Is not your last act harsh and violent,
As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?
So kiss good turtles, so devoutly nice
A priest is in his handling sacrifice,
And nice in searching wounds the surgeon is,
As we when we embrace, or touch, or kiss.
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus;
She and comparisons are odious.

ELEGY IX. THE AUTUMNAL.

No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.
Young beauties force our loves, and that's a rape;
This doth but counsel, yet you cannot 'scape.
If 'twere a shame to love, here 'twere no shame;
Affections here take Rev'rence's name.

Whose love [illegible] though [illegible] ago that's true,
But [illegible] gold [illegible] new:
That was [illegible] time,
This is [illegible]
Pitie [illegible]
He [illegible]
Call not these wrinkles graves; if graves they were,
They were Love's graves; for [illegible]
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit
[illegible]
And here, till hers, which must be his death, come,
He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
Here dwells he; though he sojourn every where
In progress, yet his standing house is here;
Here, where still evening is, not noon nor night,
Where no [illegible] yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at councils, sit.
This is Love's timber, youth his underwood;
There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonablest when our taste
And appetite to other things is past.
Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the plantane tree,
Was lov'd for age, none being so old as she,
Or else because, being young, Nature did bless
Her youth with age's glory, barrenness.
If we love things long sought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing;

If transitory things, which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
But name not winter-faces, whose skin's slack,
Lank as an unthrift's purse, but a soul's sack;
Whose eyes seek light within; for all here 's shade;
Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out than made;
Whose every tooth to a several place is gone
To vex the soul at resurrection:
Name not these living death-heads unto me,
For these not ancient but antique be.
I hate extremes; yet I had rather stay
With tombs than cradles to wear out the day.
Since such Love's natural station is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill;
Not panting after growing beauties; so
I shall ebb on with them who homeward go.

ELEGY X. THE DREAM.

IMAGE of her whom I love more than she
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value; go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.

[redacted]

And but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to Love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains, were spent.
But, dearest heart! and, dearer image! stay;
Alas! true joys at best are Dreams enough;
Tho' you stay here you pass too fast away,
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

ELEGY XI. DEATH.

Language, thou art too narrow and too weak
To ease us now; great sorrows cannot speak.
If we could nigh-out accents and weep words,
Grief wears and lessens that tear's breath affords.
Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are;
(So guiltiest men stand mutest at the bar).

ELEGY XII.

Upon the loss of his mistress's chain, for which he made satisfaction.

Nor that in colour it was like thy hair,
Armlets of that thou may'st still let me wear;
Nor that thy hand it oft' embrac'd and kist,
For so it had that good which oft' I mist;
Nor for that silly old morality,
That as these links were knit our loves should be,
Mourn I, that I thy seavenfold chain have lost;
Nor for the luck's sake, but the bitter cost.
O! shall twelve righteous angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile soldor did admit;
Nor yet by any way have stray'd or gone
From the first state of their creation;
Angels which Heave'n commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
To gain new friends, t' appease old enemies,
To comfort my soul when I lie or rise;
Shall these twelve innocents, by thy severe
Sentence, (dread Judge!) my sins great burthen bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And punish'd for offences not their own?
They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
When in that hell thy 're burnt and tied in chains;

Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
For most of them their natural country rot
I think possesseth; they come here to us
So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous;
And howsoe'er French kings Most Christian be,
Their crowns are circumcis'd most Jewishly;
Or were they Spanish stamps, still travelling,
That are become as catholic as their king,
Those unlickt bear-whelps, unfil'd pistolets,
That (more than cannon-shot) avails or lets,
Which, negligently left unrounded, look
Like many angled figures in the book
Of some dread conjurer, that would enforce
Nature, as these do Justice, from her course;
Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,
As streams like veins run thro' th' earth's ev'ry part,
Visit all countries, and have slily made
Gorgeous France ruin'd; ragged and decay'd
Scotland, which knew no state, proud in one day,
And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia:
Or were it such gold as that wherewithal
Almighty chimics from each mineral,
Having by subtile fire a soul out-pull'd,
Are dirtily and desperately gull'd;
I would not spit to quench the fire they're in,
For they are guilty of much heinous sin.
But shall my harmless angels perish? shall
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?

Much hope, which they should nourish, will be dead;
Much of my able youth and lusty head
Will vanish, if thou, Love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less when they are gone;
And be content that some loud squeaking cryer,
Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,
May like a devil roar thro' every street,
And gall the finder's conscience if they meet:
Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,
That with fantastic scenes fills full much paper;
Which hath divided heaven in tenements,
And with whores, thieves, and murd'rers, stuft his
So full, that tho' he pass them all in sin, [rents
He leaves himself no room to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent,
He say 'twill ne'er be found, yet be content,
Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou say'st (alas!) the gold doth still remain,
Tho' it be chang'd, and put into a Chain;
So in the first fall'n angels resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge, but 'tis turn'd to ill:
As these should do good works, and should provide
Necessities, but now must nurse thy pride;
And they are still bad angels; mine are none;
For form gives being, and their form is gone:
Pity these angels yet; their dignities
Pass Virtues, Powers, and Principalities.

But thou art resolute; thy will be done;
Yet with such anguish as her only son
The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.
Good souls! (for you give life to every thing)
Good angels! (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one
As would have lov'd and worshipp'd you alone;
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea, death, ere he would make your number less.
But I am guilty of your sad decay:
May your few fellows longer with me stay.
But, oh! thou wretched finder, whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate,
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains;
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing thou stoop'st to reach contain
Poison, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain;
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching desire, and no ability.
May all the evils that gold ever wrought,
All mischiefs that all devils ever thought,

The plague of travellers, love and [illegible]
Afflict thee; and at thy life's last [illegible]
May thy swoln sins themselves to thee [illegible]
But I forgive: repent, thou honest [illegible]
Gold is restorative, restore it then;
But if that from it thou be'st loth to pa
Because 'tis cordial, would 'twere at th

ELEGY XIII.

Come, Fates! I fear you not: all who
Are paid but you: then 'rest me ere I g
But Chance from you all sovereignty ha
Love wounded none but those whom D
True if you were and just in equity,
I should have vanquish'd her as you did
Else lovers should not brave death's pai
But 'tis a rule, Death comes not to reli
Or pale and wan death's terrors, are th
So deep in lovers they make Death afra
Or (the least comfort) have I company
Or can the Fates love death as well as

Yes, Fates do silk unto her distaff p
For ransome, which tax they on us do
Love gives her youth, which is the rea
Youths, for her sake, some wither and

Poor Death can nothing give; yet for her sake
Still in her turn he doth a lover take:
And if Death should prove false she fears him not;
Our Muses to redeem her she hath got.
That fatal night we last kiss'd I thus pray'd,
(Or rather thus despair'd, I should have said)
Kisses, and yet despair. The forbid tree
Did promise (and deceive) no more than she:
Like lambs that see their teats and must eat hay,
A food whose taste hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou saw'st bliss, and crav'dst to touch
A drop of water, thy great pains were such.
Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
And my sighs weary, groans are all my rent.
Unable longer to endure the pain,
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
Thus till dry tears solder mine eyes I weep,
And then I dream how you securely sleep,
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love all may: he pities my state,
But says I therein no revenge shall find;
The sun would shine tho' all the world were blind.
Yet, to try my hate, Love shew'd me your tear,
And I had dy'd had not your smile been there.
Your frown undoes me; your smile is my wealth,
And as you please to look I have my health.
Methought Love pitying me, when he saw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiss:

That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave strength,
And what is lost in force is took in length.
I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you so,
That his compassion still prov'd greater woe;
For then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durst not feel, for fear 't should not be true.
This merits not our anger, had it been;
The queen of Chastity was naked seen:
And in bed not to feel the pain I took
Was more than for Actæon not to look;
And that breast, which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearness, from a lump of snow.

ELEGY XIV.

HIS PARTING FROM HER.

Since she must go and I must mourn, come, Night!
Environ me with darkness whilst I write;
Shadow that hell unto me which alone
I am to suffer when my love is gone.
Alas! the darkest magic cannot do it,
And that great hell to boot are shadows to it.
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus! and each star,
It would not form one thought dark as mine are;
I could lend them obscureness now, and say
Out of myself: there should be no more day:
Such is already myself-want of sight,
Did not the fire within me force a light.

? that fire and darkness should be mixt,
triumphs such strange torments fixt?
use thou thyself art blind, that we,
yrs, must no more each other see?
thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
uld Chaos in the pains we feel?
ce left undone some mutual right,
s with parting thou seek'st us to spight?
the fault is mine; impute it to me,
to conspiring Destiny,
nce I lov'd) for me before decreed
ould suffer when I lov'd indeed;
fore sooner now than I can say
golden fruit 'tis wrapt away:
d watch'd one drop in the vast stream,
wealthy only in a dream.
e! thou 'rt blinder than thyself in this,
y love like friend for my amiss,
e one sad truth may expiate
s, to make her fortune run my fate.
? Justice doth, when favourites fall,
m, their house, their friends, their favourites,
t enough that thou didst dart thy fires
loods, inflaming our desires,
st us sigh, and blow, and pant; and burn,
thyself into our flames didst turn?
t enough that thou didst hazard us
in love so dark, and dangerous,

And those so ambush'd round with household spies,
And over all thy husband's tow'ring eyes
Inflam'd with th' ugly sweat of jealousy,
Yet went we not still on in constancy?
Have we for this kept guards, like spy o'er spy?
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by?
Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
Shadow'd with negligence our best respects?
Varied our language thro' all dialects
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all the secrets of our art,
Yea, thy pale inwards and thy panting heart?
And after all this passed Purgatory,
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be riveted quite thro'
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our arms clasp like ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may stick here;
Till Fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, should such a mischief do.
Oh, Fortune! thou 'rt not worth my least exclaim,
And plague enough thou hast in thy own name!
Do thy great worst, my friends and I have arms,
Tho' not against thy strokes, against thy harms.

Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our souls are tied,
And we can love by letters still and gifts,
And thoughts, and dreams: Love never wanteth shifts.
I will not look upon the quick'ning sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The air shall note her soft, the fire most pure,
Waters suggest her clear, and the earth sure;
Time shall not lose our passages; the spring,
How fresh our love was in the beginning;
The summer, how it inripened the year;
And autumn, what our golden harvests were:
The winter I'll not think on to spite thee,
But count it a lost season, so shall she.
And, dearest Friend! since we must part, drown night
With hope of day; burthens well borne are light.
The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
Yet Phœbus equally lights all the sphere;
And what we cannot in like portion pay,
The world enjoys in mass, and so we may.
Be ever then yourself, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty; so
Declare yourself base Fortune's enemy;
No less be your contempt than her inconstancy,
That I may grow enamour'd on your mind,
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this, to th' comfort of my dear I vow,
My deeds shall still be what my deeds are now;

The poles shall move to teach me ere I start,
And when I change my love, I'll change my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
Think heav'n hath motion lost, and the world fire.
Much more I could; but many words have made
That oft' suspected which men most persuade:
Take therefore all in this; I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGY XV. JULIA.

Hark, news! O Envy! thou shalt hear descry'd
My Julia, who as yet was ne'er envy'd.
To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
With calumny, that hell itself disdains,
Is her continual practice, does her best,
To tear opinion ev'n out of the breast
Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
Sticks jealousy in wedlock. Her own child
'Scapes not the slow'rs of envy. To repeat
The monstrous fashions, how, were alive to eat
Dear reputation. Would to God she were
But half so loth to act vice as to hear
My mild reproof! Liv'd Mantuan now again,
That female mastix to timn with his pen,
This she Chimera, that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, (anger feeds desire)

,u'd like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries.
Her breath like to the juice in Tenarus,
That blasts the springs, tho' ne'er so prosperous:
Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
The food of others than herself to fill.
But, oh! her mind, that Orcus, which includes
Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
Of former curses, projects unmade-up,
Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Mishapen cavils, palpable untruths,
Inevitable errors, self-accusing loaths:
These like those atoms swarming in the sun,
Throng in her bosom for creation.
I blush to give her half her due; yet say
No poison 's half so bad as Julia.

ELEGY XVI.

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I SING no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
To lord, to fool, cuckold, beggar, or knight,
To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave,
Reform'd or reduc'd captain, knave,
Officer, juggler, or justice of peace,
Juror or judge; I touch no fat sow's grease;
I am no libeller, nor will be any,
But (*like* a true man) say there are too many:

I fear not *Orc'nius*, for my tale
Nor count nor counsellor will red or pale.
A Citizen and his Wife the other day,
Both riding on one horse, upon the way
I overtook; the wench a pretty peat,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat:
I saw the lech'rous Citizen turn back
His head, and on his Wife's lip steal a smack;
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before to kiss his Wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began,
And sort discourse fit for so fine a man.
I ask'd the number of the Plaugy Bill,
Ask'd if the custom-farmers held out still?
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffic of the midland seas had marr'd?
Whether the Britain Burse did fill apace,
And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace?
Of new-built Aldgate and the Moore-field crosses,
Of store of bankrupts and poor merchants' fosses,
I urg'd him to speak: but he (as mute
As an old courtier worn to his last suit)
Replies with only Yeas and Nays. At last
(To fit his element) my theme I cast
On tradesmen's gains: that set his tongue a-going.
Alas! good Sir, (quoth he) there is no doing
In court nor city now. She smil'd, and I,
And (in my conscience) both gave him the lie

In one met thought. But he went on a pace,
And at the present times with such a face
He rail'd as fry'd me; for he gave no praise
To any but my Lord of Essex's days;
Call'd those the age of action. True, (quoth he)
There 's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down,
For put to push of pay, away they run:
Our only city trades of hope now are
Bawds, tavern-keepers, whore, and scrivener;
The much of privileg'd Minsmen, and the store
Of fresh protections make the rest all poor:
In the first state of their creation
Tho' many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-master. Thus ran he on
In a continued rage: so void of reason
Seem'd his harsh talk, I swate for fear of treason.
And (troth) how could I less? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise Lord Mayor,
And his wise brethren's worships, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say Amen with faith.
To get him off from what I glow'd to hear,
(In happy time) an Angel did appear,
The bright sign of a lov'd and well-tried Inn,
Where many citizens with their wives had been
Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him stay
To take some due refreshment by the way.

Look how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope,
And at his return found nothing but a rope;
So he on me: refus'd, and made away,
Tho' willing she pleaded a weary day;
I found my miss, struck hands, and pray'd him t
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the wine;
But his kind wife gave me the very sign.

ELEGY XVII.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman 's tru
Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
And must she needs be false because she 's fair?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to study truth?
Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or those it hath smile at your perjuries?
Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter
Whereof they 're made, that they are writ in wa
And blown away with wind? or doth their breat
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death
Who could have thought so many accents swee
Form'd into words, so many sighs should meet,
As from our hearts; so many oaths and tears
Sprinkled among, (all sweeten'd by our fears)

[illegible] of stolen kisses, would lose I.
[illegible] not, should more prove empty blisses?
[illegible] hands to forfeit? sign to treason?
[illegible] read you quite from what you speak,
[illegible] mistake the wrong way? or must
[illegible] you false who, 'd wish you just?
[illegible] tho' most of women be
[illegible] of hers, her thoughts shall except thee,
Love! thy forward jealousy
instance might urge thy inconstancy,
think the sun will cease to cheer
its earth, and that forget to bear;
Lybean will run back, or Thames
all ice in June will bind his streams;
by whose strength the world endures,
ain her course, before you alter yours.
but treacherous breast, to whom weak you
ur counsels, and we both may rue,
falsehood found too late, 'twas he,
me cast you guilty, and you me,
black wretch!) betray'd each simple word,
unto the cunning of a third.
he be that so our love hath slain,
r on the earth wretched as Cain!
is he, and not deserve least pity;
; him let misery be witty!
shun him, and he shun each eye,
loisome as his infamy!

May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
And after all self-torment, when he dies
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
That utter'd all, be to some raven flung;
And let his carrion-corse be a longer feast
To the king's dogs than any other beast!
Now I have curst, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive:
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
Of my life's lease: like painters that do take
Delight not in made works, but whilst they make.
I could renew those times when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd, and at masks and plays
Commend the self-same actors the same ways;
Ask how you did, and often, with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent:
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtilely catch'd as a disease;
But being got, it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get,
And ought not to be prophan'd on either part,
For tho' 'tis got by chance 'tis kept by art.

ELEGY XVIII.

WHOEVER loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of Love, he 's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick.
Love is a bear-whelp born; if we o'er-lick
Our love, and force it new strong shapes to take,
We err, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a calf a monster, that were grown
Fac'd like a man, tho' better than his own?
Perfection is in unity: prefer
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductileness, the application,
The wholsomeness, the ingenuity,
From rust, from soil, from fire, ever free:
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
By our new nature (use) the soul of trade.
All these in women we might think upon,
(If women had them) and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women than to say
They love them for that by which they 're not they?
Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood
Till I both be and find one wise and good?
May barren angels love so: but if we
Make love to woman, virtue is not she:

As beauties, no, nor wealth. He that strays thus
From her to her's is more adulterous
Than if he took her maid. Search every sphere
And firmament, our Cupid is not there:
He 's an infernal god, and under ground
With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound.
Men to such gods their sacrificing coals
Did not on altars lay, but pits and holes.
Altho' we see celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till and love:
So we her airs contemplate, words, and heart,
And virtues; but we love the centric part.
Nor is the soul more worthy or more fit
For love than this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this desired place,
How much they err that set out at the face?
The hair a forest is of ambushes,
Of springs, and snares, fetters, and manacles:
The brow becalms us when 'tis smooth and plain,
And when 'tis wrinkled shipwrecks us again.
Smooth 'tis a paradise, where we would have
Immortal stay, but wrinkled 'tis a grave.
The nose (like to the sweet meridian) runs
Not 'twixt an east and west, but 'twixt two suns;
It leaves a cheek a rosy hemisphere
On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the Islands Fortunate we fall,
Not [illegible] Canaries, but Ambr[illegible]

Unto her swelling lips when we are come,
We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,
For they seem all: these Syrens' songs, and there
Vise Delphic oracles, do fill the ear;
Then in a creek, where chosen pearls do swell
The remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
These and (the glorious promontory) her chin,
Being past the Straits of Hellespont, between
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
(Not of two lovers but two Loves the nests)
Succeeds a boundless sea; but yet thine eye
Some island moles may scatter'd there descry;
And sailing towards her India, in that way
Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay:
Tho' there the current be the pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou shouldst be embay'd,
Thou shalt upon another forest set,
Where many shipwreck, and no further get.
When thou art there, consider what this chace
Mis-spent, by thy beginning at the face.
Rather set out below; practise my art;
Some symmetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou dost seek, and is thy map for that,
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
Least subject to disguise and change it is;
Men say the devil never can change his:
It is the emblem that hath figured
Firmness; 'tis the first part that comes to bed.

Civility we see refin'd: the kiss,
Which at the face began, transplanted is,
Since to the hand, since to th' imperial knee,
Now at the Papal foot delights to be.
If kings think that the nearer way, and do
Rise from the foot, lovers may do so too:
For as free spheres move faster far than can
Birds, whom the air resists; so may that man,
Which goes this empty and ethereal way,
Than if at beauty's enemies he stay.
Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
Two purses, and their mouths aversely laid:
They then which to the lower tribute owe,
That way which that exchequer looks must go:
He which doth not, his error is as great
As who by clyster gives the stomach meat.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

Come, Madam! come; all rest my powers defy;
Until I labour I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight
Is tir'd with standing, tho' he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like heav'n's zone glitt'ring,
But a far fairer world incompassing.
Unpin that spangled breast-plate which you wear,
That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopt there.

Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envy,
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,
As when thro' flow'ry meads th' hill's shadow steals.
Off with that weary coronet, and show
The hairy diadem which on your head doth grow.
Now off with those shoes, and then softly tread
In this Love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes heaven's angels us'd to be
Reveal'd to men; thou angel bring'st with thee
A heav'n like Mah'met's paradise; and tho'
Ill spirits walk in white, we eas'ly know
By this these angels from an evil sprite;
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
License my roaving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America! my Newfoundland!
My kingdom 's safest when with one man mann'd.
My mine of precious stones! my empery!
How am I blest in this discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds is to be free;
Then where my hand is set my seal shall be.
Full nakedness! all joys are due to thee;
As souls unbodied bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joys. Gems, which you women use,
Are, like Atlanta's ball, cast in men's views;

That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem
His earthly soul may court that and not
Like pictures or like books' gay coverings
For lay-men are all women thus array'd
Themselves are only mystic books, which
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may
As liberally as to thy midwife show
Thyself, cast all, yea, this white linen, h
There is no penance due to innocence.
To teach thee I am naked first; why, th
What need'st thou have more covering tha

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

Wherein, by occasion of the untimely death of Mrs. Elizabeth Drury, the frailty and the decay of this whole world is represented.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

To the Praise of the Dead, and the Anatomy.

WELL died the world, that we might live to see
This world of wit in his Anatomie:
No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
Bedew their fathers' tombs with forced tears,
Whose 'state requites their loss. While thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent; the world is dead
While this Muse lives? which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality.
And thou the subject of this well-born thought

Admired match! where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face;
A task which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch.
Enough it is to praise them that praise thee,
And say that but enough those praises be,
Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modest red.
Death bars reward and shame; when envy 's gone
And gain, 'tis safe to give the dead their own:
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their tombs than houses, these of clay,
But those of brass or marble were; so we
Give more unto thy ghost than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thank thyself for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid!
Thy grace profess'd all due where 'tis repaid.
So these high songs that to thee suited bin,
Serve but to sound thy Maker's praise and thine,
Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to Him,
Amid the choir of saints and seraphim,
As any angel's tongue can sing of thee;
The subjects differ, tho' the skill agree;
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love thy virtues did presage
What high part thou bear'st in those best of songs,
Whereto no burden nor no end belongs.

Sing on, thou virgin soul! whose lossful gain
Thy love-sick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in songs forgot
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note. 48

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

When that rich soul, which to her heav'n is gone,
Whom all do celebrate who know they 'ave one,
(For who is sure he hath a soul, unless
It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
And by deeds praise it? he who doth not this
May lodge an inmate soul, but 'tis not his)
When that queen ended here her progress time,
And as t' her standing house to heav'n did climb,
Where, loth to make the saints attend her long,
She 's now a part both of the choir and song: 10
This world in that great earthquake languished,
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the strongest vital spirits out,
But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt
Whether the world did lose or gain in this;
(Because since now no other way there is
But goodness, to see her whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd; 20

Thou might'st have spoke upon the ...
That wound was deep; but 'tis more misery
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
'Twas heavy then to hear thy voice of moan
But this is worse that thou art speechless gr
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; the
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpast
For as a child kept from the font until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid,
Had not her coming thee her palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and
And thou forget'st to celebrate thy name.
Some months she hath been dead, (but bei
Measures of time are all determined)
But long she hath been away, long, long; y

... blasphemy' to say she was dead
... that our weakness was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more
Than tongues, the soul being gone, the loss deplo
But tho' it be too late to succour thee,
Sick World! yea dead, yea putrified; since she,
Thy intrinsic balm and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
I (since no man can make thee live;) will try
What we may gain by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us, dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The world's infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection:
For there 's a kind of world remaining still,
Tho' she, which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in ...

Which of themselves produce no ven
Except some foreign serpent bring it
Yet because outward storms the stro
And strength itself by confidence gro
This new world may be safer, being
The dangers and diseases of the old;
For with due temper men do then for
Or covet things when they their true
There is no health; physicians say th
At best enjoy but a neutrality:
And can there be worse sickness than
That we are never well, nor can be s
We are born ruinous; poor mothers
That children come not right nor ord
Except they headlong come, and fall
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind! it labour'd to frustr

For that first marriage was our funeral;
One woman at one blow then kill'd us all,
And singly one by one they kill us now,
And we delightfully ourselves allow
To that consumption; and, profusely blind,
We kill ourselves to propagate our kind;
And yet we do not that; we are not men;
There is not now that mankind which was then,
When as the sun and man did seem to strive
(Joint tenants of the world) who should survive;
When stag and raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, died in minoritie;
When, if a slow-pac'd star had stolen away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see 't again,
And then make up his observation plain;
When as the age was long, the size was great,
Man's growth confess'd and recompens'd the meat;
So spacious and large, that every soul
Did a fair kingdom and large realm controul;
And when the very stature, thus erect,
Did that soul a good way t'wards heav'n direct:
Where is this mankind now? who lives to age
Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
Alas! we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true-made clock run right or lie.
Old gran'sires talk of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserve to-morrow,

So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torn house or field to have three lives.
And as in lasting, so in length, is man
Contracted to an inch who was a span;
For had a man at first in forests stray'd,
Or shipwreck'd in the sea, one would have laid
A wager that an elephant or whale
That met him would not hastily assail
A thing so equal to him: now, alas!
The fairies and the pigmies well may pass
As credible. Mankind decays so soon,
We're scarce our father's shadows cast at noon.
Only death adds t' our length; nor are we grown
In stature to be men till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their silver, or dispos'd into less glass
Spirits of virtue which then scatter'd was:
But 'tis not so; we're not retir'd but damp'd;
And as our bodies so our minds are cramp'd:
'Tis shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus,
In mind and body both, bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious God's whole work t' undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too
To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can to do't as soon as he.
With new diseases on ourselves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.

This man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces, are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They 're but man's ministers and legates there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility and to man's use:
This man, whom God did woo, and, loth t' attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend;
This man, so great, that all that is is his,
Oh! what a trifle and poor thing he is!
If man were any thing, he 's nothing now;
Help, or at least some time to waste, allow
To' his other wants; yet when he did depart
With her, whom we lament, he lost his heart.
She, of whom th' ancients seem'd to prophesy,
When they call'd virtues by the name of She;
She, in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
That for allay unto so pure a mind
She took the weaker sex; she that could drive
The poisonous tincture and the stain of Eve
Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
All by a true religious alchemy;
She, she is dead; she 's dead! When thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, religion,

Thy better growth grows wither'd and scant;
Be more than man, or thou 'rt less than an ant.
Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joint, almost created lame;
For before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption enter'd and depray'd the best:
It seiz'd the angels, and then, first of all,
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joint of th' universal frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
Both beasts and plants curst in the curse of man:
So did the world from the first hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day;
And now the springs and summers which we see,
Like sons of women after fifty be:
And new philosophy calls all in doubt
The element of fire is quite put out;
The sun is lost, and th' earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it:
And freely men confess that this world 's spent,
When in the planets and the firmament
They seek so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out again t' his atomies;
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All just supply, and all relation;
Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got

To be a phœnix, and that then can be
Noble of that kind of which he is but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She that should all parts to reunion bow;
She that had all magnetic force alone
To draw and fasten sunder'd parts in one;
She whom wise Nature had invented then,
When she observ'd that ev'ry sort of men
Did in their voyage in this world's sea stray,
And needed a new compass for their way;
She, that was best and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to Fate; she, whose rich eyes and breast
Gilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East,
Whose having breath'd in this world did bestow
Spice on those isles, and bade them still smell so;
And that rich India, which doth gold inter,
Is but as single money coin'd from her;
She, to whom this world must itself refer,
As suburbs or the microcosm of her;
She, she is dead; she 's dead! When thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is,
And learn'st this much by our Anatomy,
That this world's general sickness doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part,
But as thou saw'st it rotten at the heart,
Thou see'st a hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be controll'd,

And that thou hast but one way not t' admit
The world's infection, to be none of it:
For the world's subtil'st immaterial parts
Feel this consuming wound, and age's darts:
For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,
Beauty, that 's colour and proportion.
We think the heav'ns enjoy their spherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
Such divers down-right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure form: it tears
The firmament in eight and forty shares,
And in these constellations then arise
New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes;
As tho' heav'n suffer'd earthquakes, peace or war,
When new tow'rs rise, and old demolish'd are.
They have impal'd within a zodiac
The free-born sun, and keep twelve signs awake
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab controul
And fright him back, who else to either pole
(Did not these tropics fetter him) might run;
For his course is not round, nor can the sun
Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct, but where he rose to-day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line
Steals by that point, and so is serpentine;

And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to sleep, being now fall'n nearer us.
So of the stars, which boast that they do run
In circle still, none ends where he begun;
All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells;
For of meridians and parallels
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the heav'ns, and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to heav'n, we make heav'n come to us.
We spur, we reel the stars, and in their race
They're diversly content t' obey our pace.
But keeps the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Tenerife or higher hill
Rise so high like a rock, that one might think
The floating moon would shipwreck there and sink?
Seas are so deep, that whales being struck to day,
Perchance, to-morrow scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die,
And mast to sound depths so much line untie,
As one might justly think that there would lie,
At end thereof, one of th' antipodes;
If under all a vault infernal be,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a straight hot room be thrust)
Then solidness and roundness have no place:
Are these but warts and pock-holes in the face

Of th' earth? Think so; but yet confess in this
The world's proportion disfigur'd is;
That those two legs whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment, are bent awry;
And, oh! it can no more be questioned
That beauty's best proportion is dead,
Since even grief itself, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She, by whose lines proportion should be
Examin'd, measure of all symmetrie,
Whom had that ancient seen, who thought souls made
Of harmony, he would at next have said
That Harmony was she, and thence infer
That souls were but resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes the forms from objects flow:
She who, if those great doctors truly said,
That th' ark to man's proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrarie
Both elements and passions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all civil war to cease:
She, after whom what form soe'er we see,
Is discord and rude incongruity;
She, she is dead; she's dead! When thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That here is nothing to enamour thee;

And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poisoning the fountains whence our actions spring,
Endanger us; but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfy wise and good lookers-on,
Since most men be such as most think they be,
They're loathsome too by this deformity:
For good and well must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauty's other second element,
Colour and lustre, now is as near spent;
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone;
As a compassionate turcoyse, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well;
As gold falls sick, being stung with Mercurie,
All the world's parts of such complexion be.
When Nature was most busy, the first week
Swaddling the new-born earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day;
And then, as tho' she could not make snow,
Himself his various rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one;
Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: summer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an ill-dy'd garment shows.

(Beauty, a flower) voluntary grew
As in an unvext Paradise, from whom
Did all things' verdure and their lustre co
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For air and fire but thick gross bodies we
And liveliest stones but drowsy and pale t
She, she is dead; she's dead! When thou k
Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our w
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That it should more affright than pleasure
And that, since all fair colour then did sin
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretenc
Or with bought colours to illude men's ser
Nor in ought more this world's decay app
Than that her influence the heav'n forbear
Or that the elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is?

... to have troubled ... have troubled
... artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heav'n hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in a herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too;
For heav'n gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heav'n and ear h were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully' and pow'rfully on us;
Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
But they, yea, ashes too, are med'cinal,
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at,
And all the world would be one dying ...
To sing her Funeral prai...
But as some ...

But she, in whom to such maturity
Virtue was grown past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receiver's impotencies lame;
Who, tho' she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state;
So that some princes have some temperance,
Some counsellors some purpose to advance
The common profit, and some people have
Some stay, no more than kings should give to crav
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some nunneries some grains of chastity:
She that did thus much, and much more could do
But that our age was Iron, and rusty too;
She, she is dead; she's dead! When thou know'st
Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,
That 'tis in vain to dew or molify
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys which did possess her heart
Of which she's now partaker and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,
The body will not last out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts that are of most effect
So the world's carcass would not last, if I
Were punctual in this Anatomy;

mells it well to hearers, if one tell
their disease, who fain would think they 're well.
therefore, be the end; and, blessed Maid!
om is meant whatever hath been said,
all be spoken well by any tongue,
e name refines coarse lines, and makes prose song,
t this tribute, and his first year's rent,
till his dark short taper's end be spent,
as thy feast sees this widow'd earth,
yearly celebrate thy second birth,
is, thy death: for tho' the soul of man
t when man is made, 'tis born but then
n man doth die; our body's as the womb,
is a midwife death directs it home;
ou her creatures, whom she works upon,
have your last and best concoction
her example and her virtue, if you
erence to her do think it due,
no one should her praises thus rehearse,
atter fit for chronicle, not verse,
hsafe to call to mind that God did make
t and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
loses to deliver unto all
song, because he knew they would let fall
aw, the prophets, and the history,
eep the song still in their memory:
an ordinon, in due measure, made
his great office boldly to invade;

Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
Me from this trying to imprison her,
Which, when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature; heav'n keeps souls,
The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

'Tis loss to trust a tomb with such a guest,
Or to confine her in a marble chest.
Alas! what's marble, jeat, or porphyry,
Priz'd with the chrysolite of either eye,
Or with those pearls and rubies, which she was?
Join the two Indies in one tomb, 'tis glass;
And so is all to her materials,
Tho' every inch were ten Escurials;
Yet she's demolish'd; can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name by which name they must live.
Sickly, alas! short-liv'd, abortive be
Those carcass verses whose soul is not she:
And can she, who no longer would be she,
(Being such a tabernacle) stoop to be
In paper wrapt? or, when she would not lie
In such an house, dwell in an elegy?

no matter; we may well allow
live so long as the world will now,
hath wounded it. The world contains
or arms, and counsellors for brains;
for tongues, divines for hearts, and more;
for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
eys for hands; merchants for feet,
a remote and distant countries meet:
e fine spirits which do tune and set
m, are those pieces which beget
and love, and these were she; and she
ent, the world must needs decrepit be:
Death will proceed to triumph still,
nd nothing after her to kill,
he world itself; so great was she.
ve and confident may Nature be;
not give her such another blow,
he cannot such another show.
we say she's dead? May 't not be said,
sunder'd clock is piece-meal laid,
lost, but by the maker's hand
d, without error then to stand?
Afric Niger stream enwombs
the earth, and after comes
first made a natural bridge, to pass
leagues) far greater than it was,
t be said that her grave shall restore
er, purer, firmer, than before?

Heav'n may say this, and joy in't; but can we,
Who live and lack her here, this 'vantage see?
What is't to us, alas! if there have been
An angel made a throne or cherubin?
We lose by't; and as aged men are glad,
Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had,
So now the sick-starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her who now is gone.
Rejoice then, Nature and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fire's hast'ning to subdue
Your force and vigour ere it were near gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;
One whose clear body was so pure and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought within,
'Twas but a thro'-light scarf her mind t'enroll,
Or exhalation breath'd out from her soul;
One whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd,
And whom whoe'er had worth enough desir'd,
As when a temple's built saints emulate
To which of them it shall be consecrate:
But as when heav'n looks on us with new eyes,
Those new stars every artist exercise;
What place they should assign to them they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out;
So the world study'd whose this piece should be,
Till she can be no body's else, nor she;
But like a lamp of balsamum, desir'd
Rather t'adorn than last, she soon expir'd,

Cloath'd in her virgin-white integrity;
For marriage, tho' it doth not stain, doth die.
To 'scape the infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away before she was one;
And the world's busy noise to overcome,
Took so much death as serv'd for opium;
For tho' she could not, nor could chuse to die,
She' hath yielded to too long an ecstasy.
He which, not knowing her sad history,
Should come to read the book of Destiny,
How fair and chaste, humble and high, she' had been
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen;
And measuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either Destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book;
But 'tis not so; Fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to' herself, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die:
Her modesty not suffering her to be
Fellow-commissioner with Destinie,
She did no more but die. If after her
Any shall live which dare true good prefer,
Every such person is her delegate,
T'accomplish that which should have been her fate;
They shall make up that book, and shall have thanks
Of Fate and her for filling up their blanks;

Our blushing red, which us'd in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and only' our souls are red.
Perchance the world might have recover'd,
If she whom we lament had not been dead:
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blue,
(Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradise, from whom
Did all things' verdure and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For air and fire but thick gross bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsy and pale to her)
She, she is dead; she's dead! When thou know'st this
Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our world is,
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,
That it should more affright than pleasure thee:
And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
'Tis now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
Nor in ought more this world's decay appears
Than that her influence the heav'n forbears,
Or that the elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is:
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower;
Th' air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth:

Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs,
And false conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th' air shows such meteors, as none can see
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth such new worms as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian Magi to have made more such.
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heav'n hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in a herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too;
For heav'n gives little, and the earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt heav'n and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
For she, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully and pow'rfully on us;
Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
But they, yea, ashes too, are med'cinal,
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
It could be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at.
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her Funeral praise, and vanish then.
For some serpent's poison hurteth not,
Nor it be from the [illegible] serpent shot,
As her's [illegible], to fit
[illegible] than it.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

Nothing could make me sooner to confess
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider that a year is run
Since both this lower world's and the sun's sun,
The lustre and the vigour of this all,
Did set; 'twere blasphemy to say did fall.
But as a ship which hath struck sail doth run
By force of that force which before it won;
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Tho' at those two Red seas which freely ran,
One from the trunk, another from the head,
His soul be sail'd to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As tho' he beck'ned and call'd back his soul,
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
His Soul; when all these motions which we saw
Are but as ice, which crackles at a thaw;
Or as a lute, which in moist weather rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings,
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone,
For there is motion in corruption.
As some days are at the creation nam'd
Before the sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd,

Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who fain would think they 're well.
Here, therefore, be the end; and, blessed Maid!
Of whom is meant whatever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes prose song,
Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
Who, till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widow'd earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death: for tho' the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis born but then
When man doth die; our body's as the womb,
And as a midwife death directs it home;
And you her creatures, whom she works upon,
And have your last and best concoction
From her example and her virtue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse,
As matter fit for chronicle, not verse,
Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
A last and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
To Moses to deliver unto all
That song, because he knew they would let fall
The law, the prophets, and the history,
But keep the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion, in due measure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade;

For tho' to err be worst, to try truths forth
Is far more bus'ness than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcass; thou art fed
By it but as a worm that carcass bred.
And why shouldst thou, poor worm! consider more
When this world will grow better than before?
Than those thy fellow-worms do think upon
That carcass's last resurrection?
Forget this world, and scarce think of it so
As of old clothes cast off a year ago.
To be thus stupid is alacrity;
Men thus lethargic have best memory.
Look upward, that 's towards her whose happy state
We now lament not but congratulate:
She to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat hark'ning how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, because in all she did
Some figure of the golden times was hid;
Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
Because she was the form that made it live,
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be stay'd in then when she was in it:
She that first try'd indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
She to whose person Paradise adher'd,
As courts to princes; she whose eyes enspher'd
Star-light, enough t' have made the South control
(Had she been there) the star-full northern pole;

She, she is gone; she 's gone! When thou know'st this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this world is
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my Soul! that death is but a groom
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spy'st first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight;
For such approaches doth heav'n make in death:
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony:
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack,
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one more thing, thy Soul, hence:
Think thyself stranded with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more by calling it
Thy physic, chide the slackness of the fit:
Think that they bear'st thy knell, and think no more
But that, as he is call'd thee to church before,
So this to the triumphant church calls thee:
Think Satan's sergeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thrust;
Give one thy pride, another give thy lust;
Give them those sins which they gave thee before;
And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score:
Think thy friends weeping round, and think what they
Weep not, but whom they go not yet this way.

Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this
That they confess much in the world amiss,
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that
Which they from God and angels cover not:
Think that they shroud thee up, and think from thence
They re-invest thee in white innocence:
Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go)
Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
Worms, which insensibly devour their state:
Think that they bury thee, and think that rite
Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucie's night:
Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowsy or slack, remember then that she,
She, whose complexion was an even made,
That which of her ingredients should invade
The other three no fear, no art, could guess,
So far were all removed from more or less:
But as in Mithridate, or just perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one presumes
To govern or to triumph on the rest,
Only because all were, no part was best:
And as, tho' all do know that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoint,
And say this is a line or this a point:
So tho' the elements and humours were
In her, one could not say this governs there.

Even constitution might have won
sense to venture on the sun
than her, and make a spirit fear,
e too disuniting subject were,
ise proportion if we would compare
they 're unstable, circles angular:
o was such a chain as Fate employs
ig mankind all fortunes it enjoys,
so even wrought, as one would think
dent could threaten any link;
: embrac'd a sickness, gave it meat,
'est blood and breath that e'er it ate,
th taught us, that tho' a good man hath
heav'n, and plead it by his faith,
' he may pretend a conquest, since
was content to suffer violence;
o' he plead a long possession too,
y 're in heav'n on earth who heav'n's works do)
had right, and pow'r, and place, before,
:h must usher and unlock the door:
irther on thyself, my Soul! and think
ou at first wast made but in a sink:
iat it argued some infirmity,
se two Souls, which then thou foundst in me,
lst upon, and drew'st into thee, both
id Soul of sense and first of growth:
it how poor thou wast, how obnoxious,
small lump of flesh could poison thus.

This curdled milk, this poor unlitter'd whelp,
My body could, beyond escape or help,
Infect thee with orig'nal sin, and thou
Couldst neither then refuse nor leave it now:
Think that no stubborn sullen anchorit,
Which, fix'd t' a pillar or a grave, doth sit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
So foully as our Souls in their first-built cells:
Think in how poor a prison thou dost lie,
After enabled but to suck and cry:
Think when 'twas grown to, most 'twas a poor inn,
A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that usurp'd or threaten'd with a rage
Of sicknesses, or their true mother, Age:
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou hast thy' expansion now, and liberty:
Think that a rusty piece discharg'd is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy Soul allow;
Think thy shell broke, think thy Soul hatch'd but now
And think this slow-pac'd Soul, which late did clea
T' a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a-day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt heav'n and earth; she stays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether th' air's middle region be intense;

r th' element of fire, she doth not know
hether she pass'd by such a place or no;
e baits not at the moon, nor cares to try
hether in that new world men live and die:
nus retards her not, t' enquire how she
n (being one star) Hesper and Vesper be:
: that charm'd Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,
orks not on her, who now is grown all eye;
ho, if she meet the body of the sun,
es thro', not staying till his course be run;
ho finds in Mars his camp no corps of guard,
or is by Jove nor by his father barr'd;
it ere she can consider how she went,
: once is at and thro' the firmament:
d as these stars were but so many beads
rung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
r thro' those spheres, as thro' those beads a string,
hose quick succession makes it still one thing;
; doth the pith which, lest our bodies slack,
rings fast the little bones of neck and back;
by the Soul doth death string heav'n and earth;
r when our Soul enjoys this her third birth,
reation gave her one, a second grace)
eav'n is near, and present to her face,
s colours are and objects in a room,
here darkness was before, when tapers come.
his must, my Soul! thy long short progress be
advance these thoughts; remember then that she,

She whose fair body no such prison was,
But that a Soul might well be pleas'd to pass
An age in her; she whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
She in whose body (if we dare prefer
This low world to so high a mark as she)
The western treasure, eastern spicery,
Europe and Afric, and the unknown rest,
Were easily found, or what in them was best:
And when we 've made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did first betroth
The tutelar angels, and assign'd one both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each several man, to him and him,
They would have giv'n her one for every limb;
She of whose Soul, if we may say 'twas gold,
Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that. We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought;
She, she thus richly and largely hous'd, is gone,
And chides us, slow-pac'd snails! who crawl a

...'s prison, earth, nor think us well
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.
But 'twere but little to have chang'd our room
If, as we were in this our living tomb
Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so.
Poor Soul! in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
Thou know'st thyself so little, as thou know'st not
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
Thou neither know'st how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poison of man's sin;
Nor dost thou (tho' thou know'st that thou art so)
By what way thou art made immortal know.
Thou art too narrow, Wretch! to comprehend
Even thyself, yea, tho' thou wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Have not all Souls thought,
For many ages, that our body 's wrought
Of air, and fire, and other elements?
And now they think of new ingredients;
And one Soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 'tis an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the

And of those many' opinions, which men rai
Of nails and hairs, dost thou know which to p
What hope have we to know ourselves, when
Know not the least things which for our use b
We see in authors, too stiff to recant,
A hundred controversies of an ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sw
To know but catechisms and alphabets
Of unconcerning things: matters of fact,
How others on our stage their parts did act,
What Cæsar did, yea, and what Cicero said,
Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto:
In this low form, poor Soul! what wilt thou d
Oh! when wilt thou shake off this pedantry
Of being taught by sense and fantasy?
Thou look'st thro' spectacles; small things see
Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
And see all things despoil'd of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep thro' lattices of eyes,
Nor hear thro' labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit or collections to discern;
In heav'n thou straight know'st all concerning
And what concerns it not shall straight forget.
There thou (but in no other school) mayst be
Perchance, as learned and as full as she;
She, who all libraries had th'roughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practise

as would make as many more;
ample they must all implore;
do or think well, and confess
rtuous actions they express
and worse edition
e thought, or one action;
' art of knowing Heav'n, was grown

That wits and tongues of libellers are weak,
Because they do more ill than these can speak.
The poison 's gone thro' all; poisons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts; but some effect
In nails, and hairs, yea, excrements, will show:
So lies the poison of sin in the most low.
Up, up, my drowsy Soul! where thy new ear
Shall in the angels' songs no discord hear;
Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that which men have said;
Where she 's exalted more for being good
Than for her interest of motherhood:
Up to those patriarchs which did longer sit
Expecting Christ than they 'ave enjoy'd him yet;
Up to those prophets which now gladly see
Their prophesies grown to be history;
Up to th' apostles, who did bravely run
All the sun's course with more light than the sun;
Up to those martyrs who did calmly bleed
Oil to th' apostles' lamps, dew to their seed;
Up to those virgins who thought that almost
They made joint-tenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his temple give:
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
She who hath carried thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities;
She who, being to herself a state, enjoy'd
All royalties which any state employ'd;

she made wars and triumph'd; reason still
not overthrow, but rectify her will;
she made peace, for no peace is like this,
beauty' and chastity together kiss:
did high justice, for she crucify'd
first motion of rebellion's pride;
she gave pardons, and was liberal,
only' herself except, she pardon'd all:
join'd in this, that her impression gave
all our actions all the worth they have:
gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
is rude officers could ne'er arrest.
ese prerogatives being met in one
her a sovereign state, religion
her a church, and these two made her all.
who was all this all, and could not fall
orse by company, (for she was still
antidote than all the world was ill)
she doth leave it, and by death survive
is in heav'n, whither who doth not strive
more because she's there, he doth not know
accidental joys in heav'n do grow.
ause, my Soul! and study, ere thou fall

itory causes? Dost thou love
(and beauty worthiest is to move)
en'd Cozener! that she, and that tho
lid begin to love, are neither now;
both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
repairs (but ill) last day's decay;
(altho' the river keep the name)
y's waters and to-day's the same.
her face and thine eyes, neither now
nt nor pilgrim which your loving vow
'd, remains; but whilst you think yo
t, y' are hourly in inconstancy.
may have pretence unto our love,
that God did live so long above
t this honour, and then lov'd it so,
at last made creatures to bestow
on him; not that he needed it,
t to his hands man might grow more
e all honours from inferiors flow,
y do give it, princes do but show
hey would have so honour'd) and tha
opinions and capacities
as rise and fall to more and less:
is but a casual happiness.
er any man t' himself assign'd
that happiness t' arrest his mind,
another man, which takes a worse,
him a fool for having ta'en that course

They who did labour Babel's tow'r t' erect,
Might have consider'd, that for that effect
All this whole solid earth could not allow,
Nor furnish forth materials enow;
And that his centre, to raise such a place,
Was far too little to have been the base.
No more affords this world foundation
T' erect true joy, were all the means in one.
But as the Heathens made them several gods
Of all God's benefits and all his rods,
(For as the wine, and corn, and onions, are
Gods unto them, so agues be and war)
And as by changing that whole precious gold
To such small copper coins they lost the old,
And lost their only God, who ever must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
So much mankind true happiness mistakes,
No joy enjoys that man that many makes.
Then, Soul! to thy first pitch work up again;
Know that all lines which circles do contain,
For once that they the centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such;
Double on heav'n thy thoughts on earth employ'd;
All will not serve; only who have enjoy'd
The sight of God in fulness can think it;
For it is both the object and the wit.
This is essential joy, where neither he
Can suffer diminution nor we;

'Tis such a full and such a filling good,
Had th' angels once look'd on him they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She whom we celebrate is gone before;
She, who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
(Hearing and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree,
Better than when in images they be;
Who kept, by diligent devotion,
God's image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown
Was her first parents' fault, and not her own;
Who, being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his safe precontract;
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
Who dreamt devoutlier than most use to pray;
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be
Both where more grace and more capacity
At once is given: she to heav'n is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A heav'n, and here became unto us all
Joy (as our joys admit) essential.
But could this low world joys essential touch,
Heav'n's accidental joys would pass them much.

How poor and lame must then our casual be?
If thy prince will his subjects to call thee
My Lord, and this do swell thee, thou art then,
By being greater, grown to be less man.
When no physician of redress can speak,
A joyful casual violence may break
A dangerous apostem in thy breast,
And whilst thou joy'st in this the dangerous rest,
The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
Whate'er was casual may ever be.
What should the nature change? or make the same
Certain, which was but casual, when it came?
All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Only in heav'n joy's strength is never spent,
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a Soul's arrival ne'er decays;
(For that Soul ever joys, and ever stays)
Joy that their last great consummation
Approaches at the resurrection,
When earthly bodies more celestial
Shall be than angels were, for they could fall;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
In this fresh joy 'tis no small part that she,
She, in whose goodness he that names degree
Doth injure her; ('tis loss to be call'd best,
There where the stuff is not such as the rest.)

She, who left such a body, as even she
Only in heav'n could learn how it can be
Made better, for she rather was two Souls,
Or like to full on both-sides-written rolls,
Where eyes might read upon the outward skin
As strong records for God as minds within;
She who, by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so,
Long'd for, and longing for't, to heav'n is gone,
Where she receives and gives addition.
Here in a place, where misdevotion frames
A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
The ancient church knew not. Heav'n knows not yet,
And where what laws of poetry admit,
Laws of religion have at least the same,
Immortal Maid! I might invoke thy name.
Could any saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here shouldst make me a French convertite;
But thou wouldst not, nor wouldst thou be content
To take this for my second year's true rent.
Did this coin bear any other stamp than his
That gave thee power to do, me to say this?
Since his will is that to posterity
Thou shouldst for life and death a pattern be;
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose and th' authority is his:
Thou art the proclamation, and I am
The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

UPON THE DEATH OF SUNDRY PERSONAGES.

AN ELEGY

On the untimely Death of

THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY.

Look to me, Faith! and look to my faith, God,
For both my centres feel this period.
Of weight one centre, one of greatness, is,
And reason is that centre, faith is this;
For into' our reason flow, and there do end,
All that this natural world doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in for man in one circumference;
But for th' enormous greatnesses which are
So disproportion'd and so angular,
As is God's essence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what, souls do departed hence:
These things (eccentric else) on faith do strike,
Yet neither all nor upon all alike;
For Reason, put t' her best extension,
Almost meets Faith, and makes both centres one;
And nothing ever came so near to this
As contemplation of that Prince we miss;

At a much deader fault must reason be,
Death having broke off such a link as he.
But now for us with busy proof to come
That we 'ave no reason would prove we had some;
So would just lamentations; therefore we
May safelier say that we are dead than he.
So if our griefs we do not well declare
We 'ave double excuse; he 's not dead, we are.
Yet would not I die yet; for tho' I be
Too narrow to think him as he is he,
(Our souls best baiting and mid period
In her long journey of considering God)
Yet (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love with us.
Oh! may I (since I live) but see or hear
That she-intelligence which mov'd this sphere,
I pardon Fate my life: whoe'er thou be
Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she.
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By th' oaths which only you two never broke,
By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see
These lines, you wish I knew your history.
So much, as you two mutual heav'ns were here,
I were an angel singing what you were.

Would ease as much, doth he grudge misery,
And will not let 's enjoy our curse to die?
As for the earth, thrown lowest down of all,
'Twere an ambition to desire to fall;
So God, in our desire to die, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so:
Therefore we live, tho' such a life we have
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains in us, earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other soul than that;
And could grief get so high as heav'n, that quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With grief to see him) he had stay'd below,
To rectify our errors they foreknow.
Is th' other centre, reason, faster then?
Where should we look for that, now we 're not men?
For if our reason be our connection
Of causes, now to us there can be none:
For, as if all the substances were spent,
It were madness to enquire of accident;
So is 't to look for Reason, he being gone,
The only subject Reason wrought upon.
If Fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin:

If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt heav'n and earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown that I can study thee,
And by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make, by this soft ecstacy,
This place a map of heav'n, myself of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight now all rest;
Time's dead low-water, when all minds divest
To-morrow's business, when the lab'rers have
Such rest in bed, that their last churchyard grave
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this.
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps; when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes must shut them then
Again by death) altho' sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep,
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that sun rises to me midnight's noon;
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Thro' all, both church and state, in seeing thee;
And I discern, by favour of this light,
Myself, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass, as thou, when thou dost see
Him, who sees all, seest all concerning thee:

So, yet unglorify'd, I comprehend
All in these mirrors of thy ways and end.
Tho' God be our true glass, thro' which we see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men; for by their being here
Virtues indeed remote, seem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Those spirits, humours, blood, I did last year;
And as if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop which I look'd on is presently
Push'd with more waters from my sight, and gone;
So in this sea of virtues can no one
Be' insisted on. Virtues as rivers pass,
Yet still remains that virtuous man there was.
And as if man feed on man's flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knows where every atom lies;
So if one knowledge were made of all those
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His virtues into names and ranks; but I
Should injure Nature, Virtue, and Destiny,

Should I divide and discontinue so
Virtue, which did in one entireness grow:
For as he that should say spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits half so much as he
Which says they have no parts but simple be;
So is 't of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had Fate meant t' have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old:
So then that virtue in season, and then this,
We might have seen and said that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just.
In good short lives virtues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise lack time and space.
So was it in this person, forc'd to be,
For lack of time, his own epitome;
So to exhibit in few years as much
As all the long-breath'd chroniclers can touch.
As when an angel down from heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company;
We cannot think now he is at the sun,
Now thro' the moon, now thro the air doth run;
Yet when he 's come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt heav'n and earth, sun, moon, and air;
And as this angel in an instant knows,
And yet we know this sudden knowledge grows:

By quick amassing several forms of things
Which he successively to order brings,
When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot go
So fast as he, think that he doth not so;
Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
And lay together every A and B;
So in short-liv'd good men 's not understood
Each several virtue, but the compound good;
For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
As angels go and know, and as men read.
O! why should then these men, these lumps of balm,
Sent hither the world's tempest to becalm,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
And to make us alive themselves be dead?
O Soul! O Circle! why so quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth, and death, clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
In heav'n, the other might securely' have pac'd
In the most large extent thro' every path
Which the whole world, or man, th' abridgment, hath.
Thou knowest that tho' the tropic circles have
(Yea, and those small ones which the poles engrave)
All the same roundness, evenness, and all
The endlessness of the equinoctial,
Yet when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the sun affected is,

When he doth nimbly work, and when prevail;
Only great circles then can be our scale:
So tho' thy circle to thyself express
All tending to thy endless happiness,
And we, by our good use of it, may try
Both how to live well (young) and how to die;
Yet since we must be old, and age endures,
His torrid zone at court and calentures,
Of hot ambition, irreligion's ice,
Zeal's agues, and hydroptic avarice,
(Infirmities which need the scale of truth,
As well as lust and ignorance of youth)
Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to do?
Tho' as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
Doth each mismotion and distemper feel,
Whose hands get shaking palsies, and whose string
(His sinews) slackens, and whose soul, the spring,
Expires or languishes; whose pulse, the fly,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly;
Whose voice, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumb,
Or idle as men which to their last hour come;
If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will;
So youth is easiest to destruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet as in great clocks which in steeples chime,
Plac'd to inform whole towns t' employ their time,

[illegible]th more harm, being general,
small clocks' faults only on th' wearer fall;
ck the faults of age, on which the eye
ldren, servants, or the state, rely.
wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soul,
k so true as might the sun controul,
ally hadst from him who gave it thee
ctions, such as it could never be
ler'd, stay here, as a general
reat sun-dial, to have set us all?
why wouldest thou be an instrument
is unnatural course? or why consent
is not miracle but prodigy,
when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
d so much faster ebb out than flow in?
her flood were blown in by thy first breath,
at once sunk in the whirlpool death;
h word I would not name, but that I see
, else a desart, grown a court by thee.
I am sure that if a man would have
company, his entry is a grave.
nks all cities now but ant-hills be,
e, when the several labourers I see
ildren, house, provision, taking pain,
're all but ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain;
hurch-yards are our cities, unto which
most repair that are in goodness rich:

There is the best concourse and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins God's city, New Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them:
At that gate then, triumphant Soul! dost thou
Begin thy triumph: but since laws allow
That at the triumph-day the people may
All that they will 'gainst the triumpher say,
Let me here use that freedom, and express
My grief, tho' not to make thy triumph less.
By law to triumphs none admitted be
Till they, as magistrates, get victory;
Tho' then to thy force all youth's foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field
To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
That there thy counsels might get victory,
And so in that capacity remove
All jealousies 'twixt prince and subjects' love,
Thou couldst no title to this triumph have,
Thou didst intrude on death, usurp a grave.
Then (tho' victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou shouldst successfully advance
Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which are,
Both envy and acclamations popular,
(For both these engines equally defeat,
Tho' by a diverse mine, those which are great)

An error doth more harm, being general,
When small clocks' faults only on th' wearer fall;
So work the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, servants, or the state, rely.
Why wouldst not thou then, which hadst such a soul,
A clock so true as might the sun controul,
And daily hadst from him who gave it thee
Instructions, such as it could never be
Disorder'd, stay here, as a general
And great sun-dial, to have set us all?
Oh! why wouldest thou be an instrument
To this unnatural course? or why consent
To this not miracle but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Virtue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebb out than flow in?
Tho' her flood were blown in by thy first breath,
All is at once sunk in the whirlpool death;
Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death, else a desart, grown a court by thee.
Now I am sure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Methinks all cities now but ant-hills be,
Where, when the several labourers I see
For children, house, provision, taking pain,
They 're all but ants, carrying eggs, straw, and grain;
And church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repair that are in goodness rich:

But tho' this freedom to upbraid and chide
Him who triumph'd were lawful, it was tied
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the Senate, who this triumph gave:
Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
At that authority by which he got
Leave to triumph before by age he might;
So tho', triumphant Soul! I dare to write,
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus,
That thou so early wouldst abandon us,
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great Sovereignty, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee
'Gainst Nature's laws, which just impugners be
Of early triumphs: and I (tho' with pain)
Lessen our loss to magnify thy gain
Of triumph, when I say it was more fit
That all men should lack thee than thou lack it.
Tho' then in our times be not suffered
That testimony of love unto the dead
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives and French *suldarii* did;
And tho' in no degree I can express
Grief in great Alexander's great excess,
Who at his friend's death made whole towns dives
Their walls and bulwarks which became them best
Do not, fair Soul! this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I do inter my Muse,

by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
hind, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last. 158

AN ELEGY.

ON THE LADY MARKHAM.

is the world, and death the ocean,
ich God gives the lower parts of man.
ea environs all, and tho' as yet
ith set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
ih it roar, and knaw, and still pretend
ak our bank whene'er it takes a friend:
our land-waters (tears of passion) vent;
aters then above our firmament
, which our soul doth for our sins let fall)
all a brackish taste and funeral,
ven those tears which should wash sin are sin:
fter God, new-drown our world again.
ng but man, of all envenom'd things,
work upon itself with inborn stings.
are false spectacles; we cannot see
passion's mist what we are, or what she:
this sea of death hath made no breach;
the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
eaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
her flesh refin'd by Death's cold hand.
n of China, *after* an age's stay,
e up porc'lain where they buried clay,

So at this grave, her limbeck, (which refines
The Diamonds, rubies, saphires, pearls, and mine
Of which this flesh was) her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompence it, shall
Make and name them th' Elixir of this all.
They say the sea, when it gains, loseth too.
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
Usurp the body, our soul, which subject is
To th' elder Death by sin, is freed by this;
They perish both when they attempt the just;
For graves our trophies are, and both Death's dust
So, unobnoxious now, she 'ath buried both;
For none to death sins that to sin is loth;
Nor do they die which are not loth to die;
So hath she this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas!
How little poison cracks a crystal glass!
She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
That God's Word must be true, "All sinners be."
So much did zeal her conscience rarify,
That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie,
Making omissions acts, laying the touch
Of sin on things that some time may be such.
As Moses' cherubins, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are winged too;

So would her soul, already' in heav'n, seem then
To climb by tears the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God I am content
To speak, that Death his vain haste may repent:
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles and how meet
To have reform'd this forward heresy,
That women can no parts of friendship be:
How moral, how divine, shall not be told,
Lest they that hear her virtues think her old,
And lest we take Death's part, and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

ELEGY ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

Death! I recant, and say, unsaid by me
Whate'er hath slipt that might diminish thee.
Spiritual treason, atheism, 'tis, to say
That any can thy summons disobey.
Th' earth's face is but thy table; there are set
Plants, cattle, men, dishes for Death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starv'd jaws:
Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last:
Now wantonly he spoils and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piece-meal rot.
Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the deep,
Where harmless fish monastic silence keep;

Who (were Death dead) the rows of living seed
Might spunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
In birds' (heav'n's choristers) organic throats,
Which (if they did not die) might seem to be
A tenth rank in the heav'nly hierarchy.
O strong and long-liv'd Death! how camst thou in?
And how without creation didst begin?
Thou hast and shalt see dead before thou diest
All the four monarchies and Antichrist.
How could I think thee nothing, that see now
In all this all nothing else is but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
Wasteful consumptions and degrees of thee;
For we to live our bellows wear and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death:
And tho' thou beest (O mighty bird of prey!)
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All that thou kill'st at his feet, yet doth he
Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee;
And of those few, now thou hast overthrown
One whom thy blow makes not ours nor thine own:
She was more stories high: hopeless to come
To' her soul, thou' hast offer'd at her lower room.
Her soul and body was a king and court,
But thou hast both of captain miss'd and fort.
As houses fall not, tho' the kings remove,
Bodies of saints rest for their souls above.

Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace:
Both work a separation, no divorce:
Her soul is gone to usher up her corse,
Which shall be almost another soul, for there
Bodies are purer than best souls are here.
Because in her h r virtues did outgo
Her years, wouldst thou, O emulous Death! do so,
And kill her young to thy loss? Must the cost
Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?
What tho' thou foundst her proof 'gainst sins of youth?
Oh! every age a divers sin pursu'th.
Thou shouldst have stay'd, and taken better hold:
Shortly ambitious, covetous when old,
She might have prov'd; and such devotion
Might once have stray'd to superstition.
If all her virtues might have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had she persever'd just, there would have been
Some that would sin, mis-thinking she did sin;
Such as would call her friendship Love, and feign
To sociableness a name profane,
Or sin by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wishing, though they never told her what.
Thus might'st thou 'ave slain more souls, hadst thou
Thyself, and to triumph thine army lost.
Yet tho' these ways be lost thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone:

But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much;
Our tears are due, because we are not such.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chain is broke, tho' no link lost.

ELEGY ON MRS. BOULSTRED.

DEATH! be not proud; thy hand gave not this blow;
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to destroy the just is not thy part.
Thy coming terror, anguish, grief, denounces;
Her happy state courage, ease, joy, pronounces.
From out the crystal palace of her breast
The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest,
(Not by the thund'ring voice wherewith God threats,
But as with crowned saints in heav'n he treats)
And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
To joy that it thro' many dangers sought:
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt heav'n and it when life did knock.
Nor boast the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortal eyes it did decay;
A better witness than thou art assures,
That tho' dissolv'd it yet a space endures;
No dram thereof shall want, or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.

Go then to people curst before they were,
Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.
Glory not thou thyself in these hot tears,
Which our face not for her, but our harm, wears.
The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams wash'd should be,
And on our hearts, her memory's best tomb,
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were those eyes saw not how bright did shine,
Thro' flesh's misty vail, those beams divine;
Deaf were the ears not charm'd with that sweet sound
Which did i' the spirit's instructed voice abound;
Of flint the conscience did not yield and melt
At what in her last act it saw and felt.
Weep not, nor grudge, then, to have lost her sight.
Taught thus our after-stay 's but a short night;
But by all souls not by corruption choak'd,
Let in high rais'd notes that pow'r be invok'd,
Calm the rough seas by which she sails to rest,
From sorrows here t' a kingdom ever blest;
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
"The Grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting."

ELEGY ON HIS MISTRESS.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires which thereof did ensue;

By our lon[redacted]riving hopes; by that remorse
Which my [redacted]rds' masculine persuasive force
Begot in th[redacted] and by the memory
Of hurts w[redacted] spies and rivals threaten'd me,
I calmly beg: but by thy father's wrath,
By all pains which want and di[redacted]orcement hath,
I conjure thee, and all the oath[redacted] which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
I here unswear, and overswear them thus;
Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
Temper, O fair Love! love's impetuous rage;
Be my true mistress, not my feigned page.
I'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind
Thirst to come back. O! if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar:
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness: thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 'tis madness to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd: feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in th' other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit nor mind: be not strange
To thyself only: all will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace.

Richly cloath'd apes are called apes; and as soon
Eclips'd as bright we call the moon the moon.
Men of France changeable cameleons,
'Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and the rightest company
Of players which upon the world's stage be,
Will too too quickly know thee: and, alas!
Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass
His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with such lust and hideous rage
As Lot's fair guests were vext: but none of these,
Nor spungy' hydroptic Dutch, shall thee displease
If thou stay here. O! stay here! for for thee
England is only a worthy gallery
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest King call thee to his presence.
When I am gone dream me some happiness,
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess;
Nor praise nor dispraise me; nor bless nor curse
Openly Love's force; nor in bed fright thy nurse
With midnight's startings, crying out, Oh! oh!
Nurse. oh! my love is slain! I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
Assail'd, taken, fight, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die.
Augur me better chance, except dread Jove
Think it enough for me to' have had thy love.

ON HIMSELF.

My fortune and my choice this custom break,
When we are speechless grown to make stones sp
Tho' no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside seest what thou art now;
Yet thou 'rt not yet so good; till death us lay
To ripe and mellow, here we 're stubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcasses;
So we ourselves miraculously destroy,
Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
Such privileges, enabled here to scale
Heav'n, when the trumpet's air hall them exhale
Hear this, and mend thyself, and thou mend'st n
By making me, being dead, do good for thee;
And think me well compos'd, that I could now
A last-sick hour to syllables allow.

ELEGY.

MADAM,

That I might make your cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame, which I love next my soul,
Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
Admit to that place this last funeral scrowl,

[illegible] give legacies, but I,
ing, of you do beg a legacy.
ly fortune and my will this custom break,
en we are senseless grown, to make stones speak:
e no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
my grave's inside see what thou art now.
t thou 'rt not yet so good; till us death lay
ripe and mellow there we are stubborn clay.
ents make us earth, and souls dignify
to be glass; here to grow gold we lie.
hilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
r souls become worm-eaten carcasses.

ELEGY ON THE LORD C.

now, that to this house scarce knew the way,
oh! heir of it; our all is his pay.
is strange chance claims strange wonder, and to us
thing can be so strange as to weep thus.
s well his life's loud-speaking works deserve:
give praise too, our cold tongues could not serve
s well he kept tears from our eyes before,
it to fit this deep all we might have store.
! if a sweet-briar climb up by a tree,
o a paradise that transplanted be,
fell'd and burnt for holy sacrifice,
that must wither which by it did rise,

As we for him dead, tho' no family
E'er rigg'd a soul for heav'n's discovery
With whom more venturers more boldly dare
Venture their 'states, with him in joy to share.
We lose, what all friends lov'd, him; he gains now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow;
If he could have foes in whose practice grew
All virtues whose name subtle school-men knew.
What ease can hope that we shall see him beget,
When we must die first, and cannot die yet?
His children are his pictures: oh! they be
Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb since he is gone;
He, and about him his, are turn'd to stone.

LETTERS

TO SEVERAL

PERSONAGES.

THE STORM.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROCK.

om the Island Voyage wi.h the Earl of Essex.

which art I, ('tis nothing to be so)
vhich art still thyself, by this shalt know
our passage; and a hand or eye
iard drawn is worth a history
ırse painter made; and (without pride)
ıy thy judgment they are dignify'd
s are such. 'Tis the pre-eminence
dship only t' impute excellence.
l, t' whom we owe what we be and have,
. her sons did seek a foreign grave,
ıte's or Fortune's drifts none can gain-say,
and mis'ry have one face one way)
ıt her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind,
ıt th' air's middle marble-room did find
ong resistance, that itself it threw
ard again; and so when it did view
the port our fleet dear time did leese,
ing like pris'ners, which lie but for fees,

Mildly it kiss'd our sails, and, fresh and sweet,
As to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet;
Meat comes, it came, and swole our sails, when we
So joy'd as Sarah her swelling joy'd to see;
But 'twas but so kind as our countrymen, [then.
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them
Then like two mighty kings which dwelling far
Asunder meet against a third to war,
The south and west winds join'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line did the gale,
Like shot not fear'd till felt, our sails assail;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a Storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas! I pity thee, and curse those men
Who, when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee then.
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I saw that I saw not;
I and the sun, which should teach me, had forgot
East, west, day, night; and I could only say,
Had the world lasted, that it had been day.
Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name but thunder call.
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the sun had drunk the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabins lie, 'equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die:

And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabins peep,
And, trembling, ask what news? and do hear so
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some, sitting on the hatches, would seem there,
With hideous gazing, to fear away Fear:
There note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast
Shak'd with an ague, and the hold and waist
With a salt dropsy clogg'd, and our tacklings
Snapping, like to too high-stretch'd treble strings,
And from our tatter'd sails rags drop down so
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago:
Yea, ev'n our ordnance, plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break loose, and 'scape away from thence:
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what 's the gain?
Seas into seas thrown we suck in again:
Hearing hath deaf'd our sailors; and if they
Knew how to hear, there 's none knows what to say.
Compar'd to these Storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermudas' calm.
Darkness, Light's eldest brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er the world, and to heav'n hath chas'd light.
All things are one; and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; so that we, except God say
Another Fiat, shall have no more day:
So violent yet long these furies be,
That tho' thine absence starve me I wish not thee.

THE CALM.

Our s is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
A stup alm, but nothing it doth 'swage.
The fat inverted, and far more
A bloc ork before.
Storms e ut themselves or us;
In Calm e us languish thus.
As stead, — an thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,
The sea is now, and as the isles which we
Seek when we can move, our ships rooted be.
As water did in storms, now pitch runs out;
As lead, when a fir'd church becomes one spout;
And all our beauty and our trim decays,
Like courts removing, or like ending plays.
The fighting place now seamen's rage supply,
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthorns; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday.
Earth's hollownesses, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air.
We can nor lost friends nor sought foes recover,
But, meteor-like, save that we move not, hover:
Only the calenture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes' maws,
And on the hatches, as on altars, lies
Each one, his own priest and own sacrifice.

Who live that miracle do multiply,
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
If in despite of these we swim, that hath
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath;
But from the sea into the ship we turn,
Like parboil'd wretches on the coals to burn,
Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepherds' scoff;
Or like slack-sinew'd Samson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now as a myriad
Of ants durst th' Empror's lov'd snake invade,
The crawling gallies, sea-gulls, finny chips,
Might brave our pinnaces, our bed-rid ships:
Whether a rotten state and hope of gain,
Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
Of being belov'd and loving, or the thirst
Of honour or fair death outpush'd me first,
I lose my end; for here, as well as I,
A desperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog, and all which from or towards flies,
Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies:
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtilely lay
A scourge against which we all forgot to pray.
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas!
Is man now than before he was he was?
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance or ourselves still disproportion it.

We have no power, no will, no sense. I lie;
I should not then thus feel this misery.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Sir, more than kisses letters mingle souls,
For thus friends absent speak. This ease controuls
The tediousness of my life: but for these
I could invent nothing at all to please;
But I should wither in one day, and pass
To a lock of hay that am a bottle of grass.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
Countries, courts, towns, are rocks or remoras;
They break or stop all ships, yet our state 's such
That (tho' than pitch they stain worse) we must touch,
If in the furnace of the even line,
Or under th' adverse icy Pole, thou pine,
Thou know'st two temperate regions girded in
Dwell there; but, oh! what refuge canst thou win
Parch'd in the court, and in the country frozen?
Shall cities built of both extremes be chosen?
Can dung or garlick be' a perfume? or can
A scorpion or torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worst of all three: of all three?
(O knotty riddle!) each is worst equally.
Cities are sepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcasses, as if none such there were:
And courts are theatres where some men play
Princes, some slaves, and all end in one day.

[illegible] where the good
[illegible] inhabits not; born is not understood:
[illegible] become beasts, and, prone to all evils,
In cities, pricks, and in a lewd court devils.
In the first three confusedly
Each eloquent's qualities were in th' other three;
Selfpride, lust, covetise, being several
In these three places, yet all are in all,
And, mingled thus, their issue is incestuous;
Falsehood is denizen'd, Virtue is barbarous:
Let no man say there Virtue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me; I'll do none, but know all.
Men sponges, which to pour out receive;
Wise know false play rather than lose deceive:
For indeed understandings sin began;
Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man.
Only, perchance, beasts sin not; wretched we
Are beasts in all but white Integrity.
I think if men, which in these places live,
Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,
They would, like strangers, greet themselves, seeing
Utopian youth grown old Italian. [then
Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn any where; continuance maketh hell:
And seeing the snail, which every where doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy pac'd) this snail;
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy gaol:

And in the world's sea do not, like cockprouders
Upon the water's face, most in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line; but as fishes
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
Nor making sound, so closely thy course goest
Let men dispute whether there be vacuum
Only in this be no Galenist. To make
Courts' hot ambitions wholesome, do not take
A dram of country's dulness; do not add
Correctives, but as chymics purge the lead
But, Sir, I advise not you; I rather do
Say o'er those lessons which I learn'd of you,
Whom, free from Germany's schisms, and light
Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,
Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carried
I th'roughly love; but if myself I have won
To know my rules, I have, and you have Dear

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Here 's no more news than virtue; I may as
Tell you Calais or Saint Michael's Mount, as
That Vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet as, to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
And toil to sweeten rest; so may God frown,
If but to loath both I haunt court and town.

For here no one is from th' extremity
Of vice by any other reason free,
But that the next to him still 's worse than he.

In this world's warfare they whom rugged Fate
(God's Commissary) doth so th'roughly hate
As i' th' court's squadron to marshal their state;

If they stand arm'd with silly honesty,
With wishing, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And t' have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me, Sir, in my youth's giddiest days
When to be like the court was a player's praise,
Plays were not so like courts as courts like plays.

Then let us at these mimic antiques jest,
Whose deepest projects and egregious gests
Are but dull morals at a game at chess.

But 'tis an incongruity to smile;
Therefore I end, and bid farewell a while
At court, tho' from court were the better stile.

TO SIR HENRY WOTTON

AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE.

After those rev'rend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great king's lov'd hand and fear'd n
By which to you he derives much of his,
And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A taper of his torch, a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling sun, tho' it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream:

After those learned papers which your hand
Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure
From which rich treasury you may comm
Fit matter whether you will write or do:

After those loving papers which friends
With glad grief to your
Which thicken

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before,
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more
Than I have done your noble-wanting wit.

But 'tis an easier load (tho' both oppress)
To want than govern greatness; for we are
In that our own and only business;
In this we must for others' vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
In their last furnace, in activity,
Which fits them (schools, and courts, and wars, o'er-
To touch and taste in any best degree. [past

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But tho' she part us, to hear my oft' prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here;
And to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike every where.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

Who makes the last a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads;
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 'tis that which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays:
But he which dwells there is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body' her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better; her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, to whom sun and moon
Are sparks, and short liv'd claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier;
Her appetite and her digestion mend:
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps, and cou
But ask your garners if you have not been
In harvest too indulgent to your sports?

redeem it? then yourself transplant
n hence. Perchance outlandish ground
re wit than ours; but yet more scant
versions there which here abound.

nger hath that benefit;
innings but not habits choak.
ner? Hence. You get, if you forget;
till they prescribe to us, are smoak.

hose country whate'er 's, and God her father,
[illegible] corruption's sickly is sent;
r in her travel she doth gather,
ame home wiser than she went.

well if it teach you to spare,
you' asham'd to make your hawk's praise
n herself she lessons in the air, (your's,
rst say that high enough she tow'rs.

eep the lively taste you hold
ve him now, but fear him more;
afternoons think what you told
'd him at morning prayer before.

d like a discord anger you,
froward. But why do I touch
which none is in your practice now,
and fruit-trenchers teach us much?

But thus I ake you keep your promise, Sir;
Riding I h you, tho' you still stay'd there;
And in the thoughts, altho' you never stir,
You came th me to Micham, and are here. 48

TO MR. [illegible] WOODWARD.

LIKE one who' in her third widowhood doth profess
Herself a Nun, tied to retiredness,
So' affects my Muse now a chaste fallowness;

Since she to few, yet to too many', hath shown
How love-song weeds and satyric thorns are grown
Where seeds of better arts were early sown.

Tho' to use and love poetry to me,
Betroth'd to no one art, be no adultery,
Omissions of good ill as ill deeds be.

For tho' to us it seem but light and thin, 10
Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
May cloath them with faith and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

[illegible] which made
[illegible] discretion.

[illegible] ourselves; for as
[illegible] much more force to pass,
[illegible] with a crystal glass;

ourselves will turn,
[illegible] may out-burn
[illegible] about our hearts sojourn.

[illegible], when they would infuse
ouls of simples, use
may lie still warm, to chuse;

[illegible] in us. To roam
[illegible] where but at home,
[illegible] a banishment become.

[illegible] of ourselves; yet may,
[illegible] and thrive, uplay
[illegible] treasure, for the great rent day.

[illegible]; to thyself b' improv'd,
[illegible] things be no more mov'd,
I love thee, and would be lov'd.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFOR

MADAM,

Reason is our soul's left hand, Faith her right;
By these we reach divinity, that 's you:
Their loves, who have the blessing of your light,
Grew from their reason; mine from fair Faith gre

But as altho' a squint left-handedness
Be' ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand:
So would I (not t' encrease, but to express
My faith) as I believe so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your saints,
Those friends whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, accesses and restraints,
And what you read, and what yourself devise.

But soon the reasons why you 're lov'd by all
Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach;
Then back again to implicit faith I fall,
And rest on what the catholic voice doth teach;

That you are good; and not one heretic
Denies it: if he did, yet you are so:
For rocks, which high do seem, deep-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow

In ev'ry thing there naturally grows
A balsamum, to keep it fresh and new,
If 'twere not injur'd by extrinsic blows;
Your birth and beauty are this balm in you.

But you of learning, and religion,
And virtue', and such ingredients, have made
A Mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off or cures what can be done or said.

Yet this is not your physic but your food,
A diet fit for you; for you are here
The first good angel, since the world's frame stood,
That ever did in woman's shape appear.

Since you are then God's master-piece, and so
His factor for our loves, do, as you do,
Make your return home gracious, and bestow
This life on that, so make one life of two:
For so! God help me! I would not miss you there
For all the good which you can do me here.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM

You have ſin'd me, and to worthieſt things;
Virtue, art, beauty, fortune; now I ſee
Rareneſs or[illegible] brings,
And ſuch as [illegible]c'd they be.
Two ills ca[illegible]n t' excuſe,
But of two [illegible] leave or chuſe.

Therefore at court, which is not virtue's clime,
Where a tranſcendent height (as lowneſs me)
Makes her not ſee, or not ſhow, all my rhyme
Your virtues challenge, which there rareſt be;
For as dark texts need notes, ſome there muſt be
To uſher virtue, and ſay, This is ſhe:

So in the country's beauty. To this place
You are the ſeaſon, (Madam!) you the day;
'Tis but a grave of ſpices till your face
Exhale them, and a thick cloſe bud diſplay
Widow'd and reclus'd, elſe her ſweets ſhe' enſhrines,
As China, when the ſun at Braſil dines.

Out from your chariot morning breaks at night,
And falſifies both computations ſo,
Since a new world doth riſe here from your light,
We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.
This ſhows that you from Nature lothly ſtray.
That ſuffer not an artificial day.

In this you've made the court th' antipodes,
And will'd your delegate, the vulgar Sun,
To do prophane autumnal offices,
Whilst here to you we sacrificers run;
And whether priests or organs you we obey,
We sound your influence, and your dictates say.

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice;
These are petitions, and not hymns; they sue
But that I may survey the edifice.
In all religions as much care hath been
Of temples' frames and beauty, as rites within.

As all which go to Rome do not thereby
Esteem religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse and curiosity
With that which doth religion but invest,
And shun th' entangling labyrinths of schools,
And make it wit to think the wiser fools:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
You as you 're Virtue's temple, not as she;
What walls of tender crystal her enfold,
What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be;
And after this survey oppose to all
Builders of chapels you, th' Escurial;

Yet not a consecrate, but merely' as fair:
On these I cast a lay and country eye:
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
I find you all record and prophecy.
Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
No sad or guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
You were the transcript and original;
The elements, the parent, and the growth,
And every piece of you is worth their all.
So' intire are all your deeds and you, that you
Must do the same things still; you cannot two.

But these (as nicest school divinity
Serves heresy to further or repress)
Taste of poetic rage or flattery,
And need not, where all hearts one truth profess;
Oft' from new proofs and new phrase new doubts grow,
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busy praise and all appeal
To higher courts, sense's decree is true.
The mine, the magazine, the commonweal,
The story of beauty', in Twicknam is and you.
Who hath seen one would both; as who hath been
In Paradise would seek the cherubin.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

To have written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
Worst of spiritual vices, Simony;
And not to have written then seems little less
Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.
In this my debt I seem'd loth to confess,
In that I seem'd to shun beholdingness;
But 't is not so. Nothings, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more,
By having leave to write so, than before.
Yet, since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,
May not I yield not gold, but coal or stone?
Temples were not demolish'd, tho' prophane;
Here Peter Jove's, there Paul hath Dina's fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or chuse,
In me you 'ave hallowed a Pagan Muse,
And denizon'd a stranger, who, mis-taught
By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath sought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
Shine in the world's best part, or all it, you.
I have been told that virtue in courtiers' hearts
Suffers an ostracism, and departs:
Profit, ease, fitness, plenty, bid it go,
But whither, only knowing you, I know:

Your, or y virtue, two vast uses serves,
It ransoms e sex, and one court preserves;
There's not g but your worth, which, being true,
Is known t y other, not to you;
And you can never know it: to admit
No knowledge of your worth is some of it:
But since to you your praises discords be,
Stoop others' ills to meditate with me.
Oh! to confess we know not what we should,
Is half excuse we know not what we would.
Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills;
We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills.
As new philosophy arrests the sun,
And bids the passive earth about it run,
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends,
Only the body's busy, and pretends.
As dead low earth eclipses and controls
The quick high moon, so doth the body souls.
In none but us are such mixt engines found,
As hands of double office; for the ground
We till with them, and them to heaven we raise;
Who pray'rless labours, or without these prays,
Doth but one half, that's none. He which said, Plough,
And look not back, to look up doth allow.
Good seed degenerates, and oft' obeys
The soil's disease, and into cockle strays.
Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so
Into the body, and bastardly they grow.

[illegible] our bodies like our love?
[illegible] tyrants, could remove
[illegible], but inborn dignities,
castle, temples, and palaces:
[illegible] death redeemed be,
[illegible], born naturally free.
[illegible] souls t' us are sent,
in vice these, and come in innocent.
[illegible] creature are in us:
[illegible] hath bad or precious
can produce; hence hath it been
[illegible] frogs, and snakes, in man are seen:
saw, tho' Nature can work so
, or gold, or corn, in man did grow?
[illegible] the world Virginia, and sent
stars lately to the firmament.
ge we us (not heaven) the dignity,
e, with ours those fair souls' company?
t end this letter; tho' it do
no truths, neither is true to you.
a some perverseness; for she will
leave her good nor others' ill.
[illegible] Virtue's best paradise,
h some, but wise, degrees of vice.
virtues, or too much of one,
on unjust suspicion;
ness of vice makes virtue less,
compassion of our wretchedness.

es. Some aspersion
ell some complexion.
vice with vice, and may corrode
, a spider with a toad:
not them, but they tame Ill,
much good against her will;
mon-wealth, or world in you,
fice or good work to do,
icious purge, but be content
irtue, your known nourishment. 90

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

ght of two years, not past, nor next,
em is of me, or I of this,
teor-like of stuff and form perplext,
at and where in disputation is)
call me any thing, should miss.

years and me, and find me not
th' old, nor creditor to th' new:
not say my thanks I have forgot;
t I this with hopes, and yet scarce true?
very's since these times shewed me you. 10

mpence I would shew future times
ou were, and teach them t' urge towards such,

Verse embalms Virtue; and tombs or thrones of rhymes
Preserve frail transitory fame as much
As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch.

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast
New spirits; for strong agents with the same
Force that doth warm and cherish us do waste;
Keep hot with strong extracts no bodies last.

So my verse, built of your just praise, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmest base,
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
Will vanish soon, and so possess no place;
And you and it too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corn of one low ant-hill's dust, and less)
Should name, know, or express, a thing so high,
And (not an inch) measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,
But leave, lest truth b' endanger'd by my praise,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And useth oft', when such a heart mis-says,
To make it good; for such a praiser prays.

He st teach you how you should lay out
His of beauty, learning, favour, blood;
He wi rplex security with doubt,
And cl those doubts; hide from you, and shew y
And so increase your appetite and food.

He will teach you that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloysters and in court:
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got;
Some pity's not good there, some vain disport;
On this side sin with that place may comport.

Yet he, as he bounds seas, will fix your hours,
Which pleasure and delight may not ingress;
And tho' what none else lost be truliest your's,
He will make you what you did not possess,
By using others' (not vice, but) weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others do not so:
He will provide you keys and locks, to spy,
And 'scape spies, to good ends; and he will show
What you will not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own conscience he gives innocence,
But for your fame a discreet wariness;
And (tho' to 'scape than to revenge offence,
Be better) he shews both; and to repress
Joy when your state swells, sadness when 'tis less.

From need of tears he will defend your soul,
Or make a rebaptising of one tear:
He cannot (that's, he will not) dis-inroll
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private Gospel, then 'tis our new-year.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Honour is so sublime perfection,
And so refin'd, that when God was alone,
And creatureless at first, himself had none:

But as of th' elements these, which we tread,
Produce all things with which we're joy'd or fed;
And those are barren both above our head;

So from low persons doth all honour flow:
Kings, whom they would have honour'd to us show,
And but direct our honour, not bestow.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross by stilling, this is better done
By despis'd dung than by the fire or sun.

Care not, then, Madam, how low your praises lie;
In labourer's ballads oft' more piety
God finds, than in *Te Deum*'s melody.

And ordnance rais'd on tow'rs so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while,
As fires from th' earth's low vaults in Sicil Isle.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue
But one: 't is best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or took souls' stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an amber-drop enwraps a bee,
Covering discovers your quick soul, that we [s
May in your th'rough-shine front our hearts' thoug

You teach (tho' we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Thro' which all things within without were shown.

Of such were temples; so and such you are;
Being and seeming is your equal care,
And virtue's whole sum is but know and dare.

Discretion is a wise man's soul, and so
Religion is a Christian's; and you know
How these are one: her Yea is not her No.

But as our souls of growth and souls of sense
Have birthright of our reason's soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek precedence.

Nature's first lesson, so Discretion
Must not grudge Zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish itself, nor Religion.

Nor may we hope to solder still and knit
These two, and dare to break them; nor must Wit
Be colleague to Religion, but be it.

In those poor types of God, (round circles) so
Religion's types the pieceless centres flow,
And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone,
Or principally, then Religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways Discretion.

Go thither still, go the same way you went;
Who so would change doth covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFOR

Begun in France, but never perfected.

THO' I be dead and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) court enough in my grave;
As oft as there I think myself to be,
So many resurrections waken me:
That thankfulness your favours have begot
In me, embalms me, that I do not rot.
This season, as 't is Easter, as 't is spring,
Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts dispos'd into your influence, so
These verses bud, so these confessions grow.
First I confess I have to others lent
Your stock, and over prodigally spent
Your treasure; for since I had never known
Virtue and beauty, but as they are grown
In you, I should not think or say they shine
(So as I have) in any other mine.
Next I confess this my confession,
For 't is some fault thus much to touch upon
Your praise to you, where half rights seem too m
And make your mind's sincere complexion blush.
Next I confess my impenitence, for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low spirits, which shall ne'er read you,
May in less lessons find enough to do
By studying copies, not originals.

Desunt cætera.

ıre she and you, that's double she,
'ace half of yourself shall see;
other part; for so they do
i them friendships, become one of two;
t but themselves no third can fit,
: to be so, when they were not yet
their birth Cusco and Musco take,
ars one constellation make;
wo eyes, have equal motion, so
e means to see, one way to go.
d first, a carcass she had been,
r rich tomb in her face had seen.
: soul, is gone, and you here stay,
iend, but th' other half of clay:
ou act that part, as men say, Here
rince, when but one part is there,
onour and devotion due
ole, so we all rev'rence you;
iendship who would not adore
) are all what both were before?
f some perishsd by this,
in you contracted is:
', tho' many parts decay,
hich elemented them, shall stay;
us'd and spread in infinite,
ct, and in one all unite.

So, Ma , as her soul to heav'n is fled,
Her flesh is in the earth, as in the bed;
Her virtue lo, as to their proper sphere,
Return to dwell with you, of whom they were:
As perfect motions are all circular,
So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.
She was all spices, you all metals; so
In you two we did both rich Indias know;
And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
One dram of gold, but what was first shall last,
Tho' it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, air,
Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
So to yourself you may additions take,
But nothing can you less or changed make.
Seek not in seeking new, to seem to doubt
That you can match her, or not be without,
But let some faithful book in her room be,
Yet but of Judith no such book as she.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT,

SINCE LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY,

Being at the siege of Jullers.

Man is a lump, where all beasts kneaded be;
Wisdom makes him an ark where all agree;
The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jar,
Is sport to others, and a theatre;
Nor 'scapes he so, but is himself their prey;
All which was man in him is ate away.

And now his beasts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed.
How happy 's he which hath due place assign'd
To' his beasts, and disforested his mind!
Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in;
Can sow, and dares trust corn, where they have been;
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beast,
And is not ass himself to all the rest!
Else man not only is the herd of swine,
But he's those devils too which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worse;
For man can add weight to Heaven's heaviest curse.
As souls (they say) by our first touch take in
The poisonous tincture of original sin,
So to the punishments which God doth fling
Our apprehension contributes the sting.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
Hemlock, and we, as men, his hemlock taste:
We do infuse to what he meant for meat
Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat:
For God no such specific poison hath
As kills, men know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy; but may be good
At least for physic, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be' his pleasure is his rod,
And is his devil that might be his God.
Since then our business is to rectify
Nature to what she was, we 're iod awry

By them whom thou to us in little show'st
Greater than due no form we can devise;
On him, for man into himself can draw
All; all his faith can swallow, or reason chaw;
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill;
All the round world to man is but a pill:
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poisonous, or purgative, or cordial:
For knowledge kindles calentures in some,
And is to others icy opium.
As brave as true is that profession then
Which you do use to make, that you know many
This makes it credible you' have dwelt upon
All worthy books, and now are such an one,
Actions are authors, and of those in you
Your friends find ev'ry day a mart of new.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

MADAM,

MAN to God's image, Eve to man's, was made
Nor find we that God breath'd a soul in her;
Canons will not church-functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory comets sees
Wonders, because they 're rare; but a new star
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is mir.cle, for there no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason 'scapes and sense,
For art and nature this in them withstood.

As such a star the Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant God below,
By virtue's beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt souls, and the worst, may virtue know.

If the world's age and death be argued well
By the sun's fall, which now t'wards earth doth bend,
Then we might fear that Virtue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she 's not stoop'd, but rais'd: exil'd by men,
She fled to heav'n, that's heavenly things, that's you:
She was in all men thinly scatter'd then,
But now a mass contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold; and she
Informed us, but transubstantiates you.
Soft dispositions, which ductile be,
Elixir-like, she makes not clean, but new.

Tho' you a wife's and mother's name retain,
'Tis not as woman, for all are not so;
But Virtue, having made you virtue, is fain
To adhere in these names her and you to show,

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,
As water being into air rarified,
Neither appear till in one cloud they be,
So for our sakes you do low names abide:

Taught by great constellations (which, being fram
Of the most stars, take low names, Crab and Bull,
When single planets by the gods are nam'd)
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vale of kindred others see:
To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a virtuous prince far off to me.

To whom, because from you all virtues flow,
And 't is not none to dare contemplate you,
I, which do so, as your true subject, owe
Some tribute for that; so these Lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries they are,
For then your judgment is below my praise:
If they were so, oft' flatteries work as far
As counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise.

So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
But I remain a poison'd fountain still;
And not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood,
Are more above all flattery than my will.

...ing this not you,
...judgment, who did long ago
...ll your all these praises should be true,
...should your beauty and birth outgrow? do

...ese prophecies are all fulfill'd,
...n God should not be honoured too,
...ese gifts confess'd which he instill'd,
...s bound to say that which I do.

...ur recorder am in this,
...and speaker of the universe,
...ial notary; for 'tis
...t you and Fame, that make this verse.

...prophet in your younger days,
...your chaplain, God in you to praise.

TO THE

...NTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

...ripe side of earth, that heavy clime
...ds man up now, like Adam's time
...ate; man's shape, that would yet be
...y not it, and fear'd beasts' company)
...t this day, as tho' man there
...dise so great a distance were,
...hews could not arrived be
tasting the forbidden tree;

Depriv'd of that free state which thou wert in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.
But as from extreme heights who downward look
Sees men at children's shapes, rivers as brooks,
And loseth younger forms; so to your eye
These, (Madam!) that without your distance lie,
Must either mist or nothing seem to be.
Who are at home but wit's mere *atomi*,
But I, who can behold them move and stay,
Have found myself to you just their midway,
And now must pity them; for as they do
Seem sick to me, just so must I to you.
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
A sighing ode nor cross-arm'd elegie.
I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like some white-liver'd dotard, that would part,
Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,
And faithfully (without you smile) were gone.
I cannot feel the tempest of a frown;
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down;
Tho' I can pity those sigh twice a-day,
I hate that thing whispers itself away.
Yet since all love is feverish, who to trees
Doth talk, yet doth in love's cold ague freeze.
'Tis love, but with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys itself with its own shade,
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and shew'd l
Was he that first taught women to disdain. [pai

[illegible] things were but one nothing, dull and weak,
ls raw disorder'd heap did break,
eral desires led parts away,
eclin'd with earth, the air did stay,
e, and each from other but unty'd,
lves unprison'd were and purify'd;
ove, first in vast confusion hid,
pe willingness which nothing did;
, an appetite which had no ease,
ınd a want, but knew not what would please.
retty innocence in that day mov'd,
ıorantly walk'd by her he lov'd!
ſh'd and interchang'd a speaking eye,
mbled and were sick, yet knew not why.
tural fearfulness that struck man dumb,
/ell (those times consider'd) man become.
iscoverers, whose first essay
it the place, after the nearest way;
ɔn is to woman's love, about,
rther off, than when we first set out,
love that sues or doth contend;
her conquers, or but meets a friend.
etter part consists of purer fire,
ls itself allow'd ere it desire.
wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
rnies not till it find summer-way.
ier-beaten lover, but once known,
ſur every girl to practise on.

Who strives thro' woman's scorns women to know,
Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo;
It is mere sickness after one disdain,
Tho' he be call'd aloud to look again.
Let others sin and grieve; one cunning slight
Shall freeze my love to crystal in a night.
I can love first, and (if I win) love still,
And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.
It is her fault if I unsure remain;
She only can unty, I bind again.
The honesties of love with ease I do,
But am no porter for a tedious woo.

But, Madam, I now think on you; and here,
Where we at our heights, you but appear.
We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,
But a foul shadow, not your break of day.
You are at first-hand all that's fair and right,
And others' good reflects but back your light:
You are a perfectness, so curious hit,
That youngest flatteries do scandal it;
For what is more doth what you are restrain,
And tho' beyond, is down the hill again.
We have no next way to you, we cross to 't;
You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute:
Each good in you 's a light; so many a shade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
These are your pictures to the life. From far
We see you move, and here your zanies are;

So that no fountain good there is doth grow
In you but our dim actions faintly show.
Then find I, if man's noblest part be love,
Your purest lustre must that shadow move.
The soul with body is a heav'n combin'd
With earth, and for man's ease nearer join'd.
Where thoughts, the stars of soul, we understand,
We guess not their large natures, but command;
And love in you that bounty is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite;
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But soul we find too earthly to ascend,
Till slow access hath made it wholly pure,
Able immortal clearness to endure.
Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,
Hath weight will force him headlong back again.
No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love,
Than earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
And leave his nature to converse with fire.
Such may have eye and hand, may sigh, may speak,
But like swoln bubbles, when they're high'st they break.
Tho' far remov'd northern isles scarce find
The sun's comfort, yet some think him too kind.
There is an equal distance from her eye;
Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.
But as air takes the sun-beams equal bright
From the rays first to his last opposite,

Tell him all questions which men have defended
Both of the place and pains of hell, are ended;-
And 't is decreed our hell is but privation
Of him, at least in this earth's habitation;
And 't is where I am, where in every street
Infections follow, overtake, and meet.
Live I or die, by you my love is sent;
You are my pawns, or else my testament.

TO MR. T. W.

PREGNANT again with th' old twins, Hope and Fear,
Oft' have I ask'd for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were;

As in our streets sly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And ever more conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy alms is giv'n, the letter 's read,
The body risen again the which was dead,
And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,
And praise thee for 't, and zealously embrace
Thy love; tho' I think thy love in this case
To be as gluttons, which say, amidst their meat,
They love that best of which they most do eat.

INCERTO.

At once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my soft still walks, they to my heart;
I to the nurse, they to the child of Art.

Yet as a firm house, tho' the carpenter
Perish, doth stand; as an ambassador
Lies safe, howe'er his king be in danger;

So, tho' I languish, press'd with melancholy,
My verse, the strict map of my misery,
Shall live to see that for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent
That from unhappy me things happy' are sent:
Yet as a picture or bare sacrament
Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on me. 14

TO MR. C. B.

Thy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
Urg'd by this unexcusable occasion,
Thee and the saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love I bear to both sustain

No blot nor maim by this division;
Strong is this love which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous pain.
But tho' besides myself I leave behind,
Heav'n's liberal and the thrice fair sun,
Going to where starv'd winter aye doth won,
Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my sad mind,
Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the art
To melt all ice but that which walls her heart.

TO MR. S. B.

O THOU! which to search out the secret parts
Of th' India, or rather Paradise
Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately launch'd into the vast sea of arts,
Disdain not in thy constant travelling
To do as other voyagers, and make
Some turns into less crecks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
I sing not Siren-like to tempt, for I
Am harsh; nor as those schismatics with you,
Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparks of poetry,
I, tho' I brought no fuel, had desire
With these articulate blasts to blow the fire.

TO MR. B. B.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
Yet satisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
Full fill'd with honey, which thou dost derive
From the arts' spirits and their quintessence?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw
From Cambridge, thy old nurse; and as the rest
Here toughly chew and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volumes of our Common Law;
And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
Which is that which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as giddy travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tir'd must then ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
Embrace her ever, ever multiply;
Be far from me that strange adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood.
My nurse, (for I had one) because I'm cold,
Divorc'd herself; the cause being in me,
That I can take no new in bigamy;
Not my will only, but pow'r doth withhold:
Hence comes it that these rhymes, which never had

Mother, want matter; and they only have
A little form, the which their father gave:
They are prophane, imperfect, oh! too bad
To be counted children of Poetry,
Except confirm'd and bishopped by thee.

TO MR. R. W.

If, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of me:
Never did Morpheus nor his brother wear
Shapes so like those shapes whom they would appear,
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind, and wit;
It is my Deed of Gift of me to thee;
It is my will, myself the legacy;
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
Bred in thee by a wise melancholy;
That I rejoice that unto where thou art,
Tho' I stay here, I can thus send my heart,
As kindly as any enamour'd patient
His picture to his absent love hath sent.
All news I think sooner reach thee than me;
Havens are heav'ns, and ships wing'd angels be,
The which both gospel and stern threat'nings bring;
Guiana's harvest is nipt in the spring,
I fear; and with us (methinks) Fate deals so,
As with the Jews' guide God did; he did show

Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
Our slowness is our punishment and sin.
Perchance, these Spanish bus'nesses being done,
Which as the earth between the moon and sun
Eclipse the light which Guiana would give,
Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve;
But if (as all th' all must) hopes smoak away,
Is not almighty Virtue an India?
If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion
All the world's riches; and in good men this
Virtue our form's form, and our soul's soul is.

TO MR. J. L.

Or that short roll of friends writ in my heart,
Which with thy name begins, since their depart,
Whether in th' English provinces they be,
Or drink of Po, Sequan, or Danuby,
There 's none that sometimes greets us not; and yet
Your Trent is Lethe', that past us you forget.
You do not duties of societies,
If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you rise, [field's,
View your fat beasts, stretched barns, and labour'd
Eat, play, ride, take all joys, which all day yields,
And then again to your embracements go;
Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
Upon your Muse; else both we shall repent,
I that *my love, she that her* gifts, on you are spent.

TO MR. J. P.

Blest are your north parts, for all this long time
My sun is with you cold and dark 's our clime.
Heav'n's sun, which stay'd so long from us this year,
Stay'd in your north, (I think) for she was there,
And hither, by kind Nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence;
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
Think this no south, no summer, nor no day.
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
There sacrifice it to that beauteous sun;
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as lard, fat thy lean beasts;
So may thy woods, oft' poll'd, yet ever wear
A green and (when she list) a golden hair;
So may all thy sheep bring forth twins; and so
In chase and race may thy horse all out-go;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold,
Thy son ne'er ward, thy lov'd wife ne'er seem old;
But may'st thou wish great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'st her, and none but her, my pain.

TO MRS. M. H.

Mad Paper! stay, and grudge not here to burn
With all those sons whom thy brain did create;
At least lie hid with me till thou return
To *rags* again, which is thy native state.

if thou have enough unworthiness
come unto great place as others do?
t 's much, emboldens, pulls, thrusts, I confess;
't is not all; thou shouldst be wicked too.

that thou canst not learn, or not of me,
thou wilt go; go, since thou goest to her
o lacks but faults to be a prince, for she
h, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

when thou com'st to that perplexing eye,
ich equally claims love and reverence,
u wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die,
having little now, have then no sense.

when her warm redeeming hand (which is
iracle, and made such, to work more)
touch thee, (sapless leaf!) thou grow'st by this
creature glorify'd more than before.

n as a mother, which delights to hear
early child mis-speak half-utter'd words,
ecause Majesty doth never fear
r bold speech, she audience affords.

then, cold speechless wretch! thou diest again,
wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
n speech of ill and her thou must abstain,
is there any good which is not she?

Yet may'st thou praise her servants, tho' not her,
And Wit, and Virtue, and Honour, her attend;
And since they're but her cloaths, thou shalt not er
If thou her shape, and beauty, and grace, commend.

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee,
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run,
A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any whom we know
Were sav'd before, and did that heav'n partake,
When she revolves his papers, mark what show
Of favour she alone to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, she o'erskip the rest;
Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name;
Mark if she do the same that they protest;
Mark if she mark whither her woman came:

Mark if slight things be' objected and o'erblown;
Mark if her oaths against him be not still
Reserv'd, and that she grieves she 's not her own,
And chides the doctrine that denies freewill.

I bid thee not do this to be my spy,
Nor to make myself her familiar;
But so much I do love her choice, that I
Would fain love him that shall be lov'd of her.

TO E. OF D.

WITH SIX HOLY SONNETS.

Sir, how as the sun's hot masculine flame
s strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime,
your fatherly yet lusty rhyme [same;
these Songs are their fruits) have wrought the
o' th' engend'ring force from whence they came
ong enough, and Nature doth admit
to be born at once, I send as yet
x! they say the seventh hath still some maim:
e your judgment, which the same degree
with her sister, your invention, hold,
: these drossy rhymes to purify,
lixir to change them to gold.
re that alchymist which always had
whose one spark could make good things of bad.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

H. WOTTON AND MR. DONNE.

disdain least change in you can move,
o not love;
ien that hope gives fuel to the fire,
ill desire.

Love is not love but given free;
And so is mine, so should your's be.
Her heart, that melts to hear of others' moan,
To mine is stone:
Her eyes, that weep a stranger's eyes to see,
Joy to wound me:
Yet I so well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdainings justly must be grac'd
With name of chaste;
And that she frowns, lest longing should exceed,
And raging breed;
So her disdains can ne'er offend,
Unless self-love take private end.

'Tis love breeds love in me, and cold disdain
Kills that again;
As water causeth fire to fret and fume
'Till all consume.
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to Love's self for Love's own sake?

I'll never dig in quarry of an heart
To have no part;
Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.
Who this way would a lover prove,
May shew his patience, not his love.

A frown may be sometimes for physic good;
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never should to public tend?

A LETTER TO THE LADY CAREY AND MRS. ESSEX RICHE, FROM AMIENS.

MADAM,

Here, where by all all saints invoked are,
It were too much schism to be singular,
And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to saints, should my humility
To other saint than you directed be,
That were to make my schism heresy.

Nor would I be a convertite so cold
As not to tell it: if this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where, because faith is in too low degree,
thought it some apostleship in me
To speak things which by faith alone I see;

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown or spent;
They 're your materials, not your ornament.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance; but their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when, thro' tasteless flat humility,
In dough-bak'd men some harmlessness we see,
'Tis but his flegm that 's virtuous, and not he:

So is the blood sometimes. Who ever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was then
No better than a sanguine-virtuous man.

So cloister'd men, who, in pretence of fear,
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual choleric critics, which in all
Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have, thro' this zeal, virtue but in their gall.

We 're thus but parcel guilt; to gold we 're gr
When virtue is our soul's complexion;
Who knows his virtue's name or place hath n

Virtue 's but aguish, when 't is several,
By occasion wak'd and circumstantial;
True virtue's soul always in all deeds all.

This virtue thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no infirmity;
For your soul was as good virtue as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty virtue too.

Hence comes it that your beauty wounds not hearts,
As others, with prophane and sensual darts,
But, as an influence, virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by th' honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your virtues and their might,

What must I think that influence must do
Where it finds sympathy and matter too,
Virtue and beauty, of the same stuff as you?

Which is your noble worthy sister; she
Of whom, if what in this my ecstasy
And revelation of you both I see,

I should write here as in short galleries,
The master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes;

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you: there is no way
From either, but to th' other not to stray.

May therefore this be' enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery.
He that believes himself doth never lie.

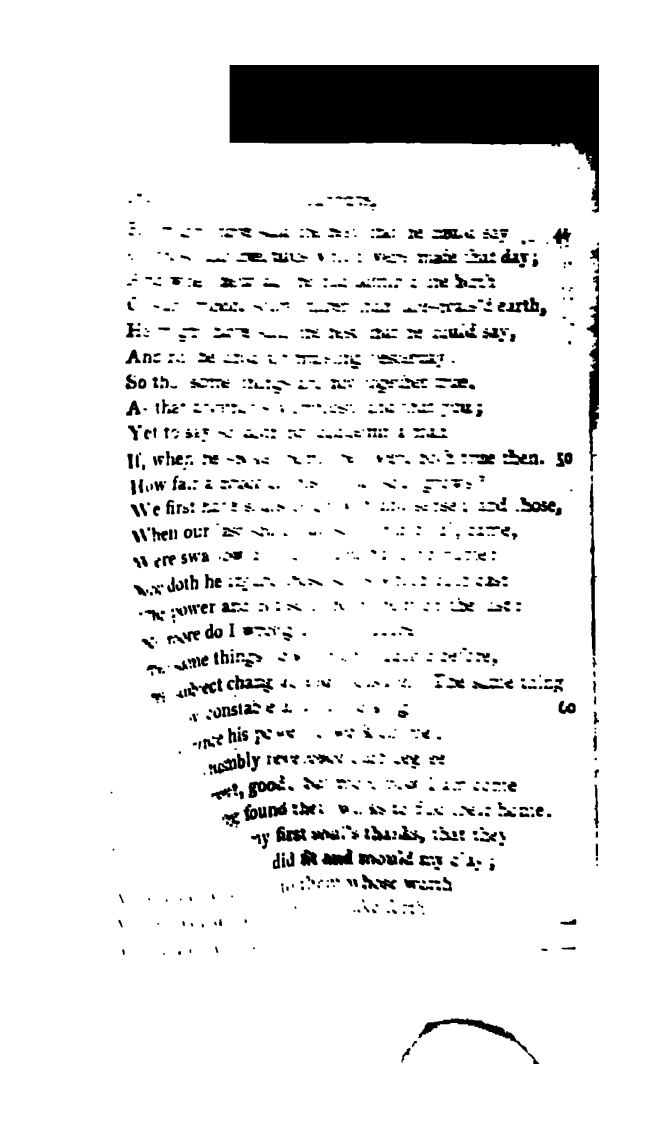
TO

THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

AUGUST, 1614.

FAIR, great, and good! since seeing you we see
What Heav'n can do, what any earth can be;
Since now your beauty shines, now when the sun,
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevell'd beams and scatter'd fires
Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tires
In lovers' sonnets; you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is wither'd, shrunk, and dry'd,
All virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide,
All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
Where ev'ry man thinks by himself to stand,

Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
(Cements of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Courts, city, church, are all shops of small wares,
All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
And drawn their sound gold ingot into wire;
All trying, by a love of littleness,
To make abridgments and to draw to less,
Even that nothing which at first we were:
Since in these times your greatness doth appear,
And that we learn by it that man to get
Towards him that 's infinite must first be great:
Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much less mend it,
(For who can judge or witness of those times
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he that would be good is thought by all
A monster, or at best phantastical:
Since now you durst be good, and that I do
Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Thro' your light, largeness, virtue understood:
If in this sacrifice of mine be shown
Any small spark of these, call it your own;
And if things like these have been said by me
Of others, call not that idolatry;
For had God made man first, and man had seen
The third day's fruits and flowers, and various green,



new great lesson, thus to study you,
ich none, not reading others first, could do.
lack I light to read this book, tho' I
dark cave, yea, in a grave, do lie;
as your fellow-angels, so you do
trate them who come to study you.
first whom we in histories do find
ave profest all arts was one born blind;
lack'd those eyes beasts have as well as we,
those by which angels are seen and see;
tho' I'm born without those eyes to live,
ich Fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
ich are fit means to see bright courts and you,
may I see you thus as now I do;
all by that all goodness have discern'd,
tho' I burn my library be learn'd.

SAPPHO TO PHILÆNIS.

HERE is that holy fire which verse is said
h. ve? is that inchanting force decay'd?
rse that draws Nature's works from Nature's law,
ee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
ve my tears quench'd my old poetic ire?
hy quench'd they not as well that of desire?
oughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,
t I, their maker, want their liberty;

He might have said the best that he could say
Of those fair creatures which were made that day;
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of sun, moon, stars, fairer than late-prais'd earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday:
So tho' some things are not together true,
As that another's worthiest, and that you;
Yet to say so doth not condemn a man
If, when he spoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this in our soul grows?
We first have souls of growth and sense; and those,
When our last soul, our soul immortal, came,
Were swallow'd into it, and have no name:
Nor doth he injure those souls which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last:
No more do I wrong any if I adore
The same things now which I ador'd before,
The subject chang'd, and measure. The same thing
In a low constable and in the king
I reverence his power to work on me;
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good; but more now I am come
From having found their walks to find their home:
And as I owe my first soul's thanks, that they
For my last soul did fit and mould my clay;
So am I debtor unto them whose worth
Enabled me to profit; and take forth

This new great lesson, thus to study you,
Which none, not reading others first, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, tho' I
In a dark cave, yea, in a grave, do lie;
For as your fellow-angels, so you do
Illustrate them who come to study you.
The first whom we in histories do find
To have profest all arts was one born blind;
He lack'd those eyes beasts have as well as we,
Not those by which angels are seen and see;
So, tho' I'm born without those eyes to live,
Which Fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
Which are fit means to see bright courts and you,
Yet may I see you thus as now I do;
I shall by that all goodness have discern'd,
And tho' I burn my library be learn'd.

SAPPHO TO PHILÆNIS.

Where is that holy fire which verse is said
To have? Is that inchanting force decay'd?
Verse that drawes Nature's works from Nature's law,
Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
Have my tears quench'd my old poetic fire?
Why quench'd they not as well that of desire?
Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their liberty;

Only thine image in my heart doth sit,
But that is wax, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence,
And I am robb'd of picture, heart, and sense.
Dwells with me still mine irksome memory,
Which both to keep and lose grieves equally.
That tells how fair thou art: thou art so fair
As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
Are grac'd thereby, and to make blind men see
What things gods are, I say they 're like to thee:
For if we justly call each silly man
A little world, what shall we call thee then?
Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
As down, as stars, cedars, and lilies, are;
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye, only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my Phao a while, but shall be never!
As thou wast, art, and, oh! may'st thou be ever!
Here lovers swear in their idolatry
That I am such, but grief discolours me;
And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
My beauty, and make m' unworthy of thy love.
Plays some soft boy with thee? oh! there wants yet
A mutual feeling which should sweeten it.
His chin, a thorny hairy unevenness,
Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
Thy body is a natural Paradise,
In whose self, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,

Nor needs perfection; why shouldst thou then
Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
Men leave behind them that which their sin shows,
And are as thieves trac'd, which rob when it snows;
But of our dalliance no more signs there are
Than fishes leave in streams, or birds in air;
And between us all sweetness may be had;
All, all that Nature yields, or art can add.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But so as thine from one another do:
And, oh! no more; the likeness being such,
Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies;
Why should they breast to breast, or thighs to thighs?
Likeness begets such strange self-flattery,
That touching myself all seems done to thee.
Myself I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
And amorously thank myself for this.
Me in my glass I call thee; but alas!
When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes and glass.
O! cure this loving madness, and restore
Me to me; thee my half, my all, my more:
So may thy cheek's red outwear scarlet dye,
And their white whiteness of the Galaxy:
So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all women, and in all men love;
And so be change and sickness far from thee,
As thou, by coming near, keep'st them from me.

TO BEN. JOHNSON.

JAN. 6. 1603.

THE state and men's affairs are the best plays
Next your's: 'tis not more nor less than due praise,
Write, but touch not the much-descending race
Of lords' houses, so settled in worth's place,
As but themselves none think them usurpers;
It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
If the Queen masque, or King a-hunting go,
Tho' all the court follow, let them. We know
Like them in goodness that court ne'er will be,
For that were virtue, and not flatterie.
Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus
God threatens kings, kings lords, as lords do us.
Judge of strangers, trust and believe your friend,
And so me; and when I true friendship end,
With guilty conscience let me be worse stung
Than with Popham's sentence thieves, or Cook's tongue
Traitors are. Friends are ourselves. This I thee tell
As to my friend, and myself as counsel.
Let for a while the time's unthrifty rout
Contemn learning, and all your studies flout:
Let them scorn hell, they will a serjeant fear
More than we them, that ere long God may forbear,

But creditors will not. Let them increase
In riot and excess as their means cease:
Let them scorn him that made them, and still shun
His grace, but love the whore who hath undone
Them and their souls. But that they that allow
But one God, should have religions enow
For the Queen's mask, and their husbands for more
Than all the Gentiles knew or Atlas bore.
Well let all pass, and trust him who nor cracks
The bruised reed, nor quencheth smoaking flax.

TO BENJ. JOHNSON.

9 NOVEMBRIS, 1603.

If great men wrong me I will spare myself;
If mean, I will spare them. I know the pelf
Which is ill got the owner doth upbraid:
It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid
And a jury; but 't will revenge in this,
That tho' himself be judge he guilty is.
What care I tho' of weakness men tax me?
I'd rather suffer than doer be:
That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
That judgment is that surely can comprise
The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
What tho'? tho' less, yet some of both have we
Who have learn'd it by use and misery.

Poor I! whom every petty cross doth troul
Who apprehend each hurt that 's done me
Aim of this (tho' it should sink me) careles
It would but force me t' a stricter goodness
They have great gain of me who gain do w
(If such gain be not loss) from every sin.
The standing of great men's lives would af
A pretty sum, if God would sell his Word
He cannot; they can theirs, and break the
How unlike they are that they 're likened
Yet I conclude they are amidst my evils;
If good like gods; the naught are so like d

Amicissimo et meritissimo

BENJ. JOHNSON

IN VOLPONEM.

Quod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deique juris
Consulti veteres sequi æmularierque,
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
Hic sed sunt veteres araneosi;
Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, ut tu,
Illos quòd sequeris, novator audis.
Hæc tamen quod agis; utique primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis puertia est negandæ;

[illegible] oppoſuet, illi
[illegible] claro vis perennitatem.
[illegible] laborque
[illegible] ut et futuros:
nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
ta priscos superamus et futuros.

TO SIR THO. ROWE. 1603.

DEAR TOM,

[illegible] her, if she to hired servants show
[illegible]like, before they take their leave they go;
[illegible]hen nobler spirits start at no disgrace,
[illegible]r who hath but one mind hath but one face.
then why I take not my leave she ask,
[illegible]k her again why she did not unmask?
[illegible]as she or proud or cruel? or knew she
would make my loss more felt, and pity'd me?
did she fear one kiss might stay for moe?
else was she unwilling I should go?
[illegible]hink the best, and love so faithfully,
[illegible]annot chuse but think that she loves me.
this prove not my faith, then let her try
[illegible]ow In her service I would fructify.
[illegible]idies have boldly fov'd; bid her renew
[illegible]hat decay'd worth, and prove the times past true;

Then he whose wit and verse grows now so lame,
With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
Howe'er, I'll wear the black and white ribband;
White for her fortunes, black for mine, shall stand.
I do esteem her favour, not the stuff;
If what I have was given, I've enough,
And all 's well; for had she lov'd, I had not had
All my friends' hate; for now departing sad
I feel not that: yet as the rack the gout
Cures, so hath this worse grief that quite put out:
My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
Which (I dare foresay) nothing cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not.
Burdened with this, I was to depart less
Willing than those which die and not confess.

De Libro cum mutaretur, Impresso, Domi a pueris frustratim lacerato, et post reddito Manuscripto.

Doctissimo Amicissimoque Viro D. D. ANDREWS.

PARTURIUNT madido quæ nixu præla, recepta;
Sed quæ scripta manu sunt, veneranda magis.
Transiit in Sequanam Mœnus: victoris in ædes,
Et Francofurtum, te revehente, meat.
Qui liber in pluteos blattis cinerique relictos,
Si modo sit præli sanguine tinctus, abit,

Accedat calamo scriptus, reverenter habetur,
Involat et veterum scrinia summa patrum.
Dicat Apollo modum; pueros infundere libro
Nempe vetustatem canitiemque novo.
Nil mirum, medico pueros de semine natos
Hæc nova fata libro posse dedisse novo.
Si veterem faciunt pueri, qui nuperus, Annon
Ipse Pater Juvenem me dabit arte senem?
Hei miseris senibus! nos vertit dura senectus
Omnes in pueros, neminem at in Juvenem.
Hoc tibi servasti præstandum, Antique Dierum,
Quo viso, et vivit, et juvenescit Adam.
Interea, infirmæ fallamus tædia vitæ,
Libris, et Cœlorum æmulâ amicitiâ.
Hos inter, qui à te mihi redditus iste libellus,
Non mihi tam charus, tam meus antè fuit.

TO MR. TILMAN,
AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS.

THOU, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy plough,
Making lay-scornings of the ministry
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bring'st thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage? dost thou find
New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and, as steel
Touch'd with a loadstone, dost new motions feel?

Or as a ship, after much pain and care,
For iron and cloth brings home rich Indian ware?
Hast thou thus traffick'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
Thou art the same materials as before,
Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
And as new-crowned kings alter the face,
But not the money's substance, so hath grace
Chang'd only God's old image by creation
To Christ's new stamp, at this thy coronation;
Or as we paint angels with wings, because
They bear God's message, and proclaim his laws:
Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
Art thou new-feather'd with celestial love?
Dear! tell me where thy purchase lies, and show
What thy advantage is above below:
But if thy gainings do surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession
Whose joys pass speech? why do they think unfit
That gentry should join families with it?
As if their day were only to be spent
In dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
Alas! poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
(For such are cloaths and beauty, which, tho' gay,
Are at the best but of sublimed clay)
Let then the world thy calling disrespect,
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.

What function is so noble as to be
Embassador to God and Destiny?
To open life, to give kingdoms to more
Than kings give dignities; to keep heaven's door?
Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ; so
'Tis preachers' to convey him, for they do,
As angels out of clouds, from pulpits speak,
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
If then th' astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found star, their optics magnify,
How brave are those who with their engine can
Bring man to heav'n, and heav'n again to man?
These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences;
And so the heav'ns, which beget all things here,
And th' earth, our mother, which these things doth bear,
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a blest hermaphrodite.

UPON

MR. THO. CORYAT'S CRUDITIES

Oh! to what height will love of greatness drive
Thy learned spirit, sesqui-superlative?
Venice' vast lake thou hast seen, and wouldst seek the
Some vaster thing and foundst a courtezan.
That inland sea having discovered well
A cellar-gulf, where one might sail to hell
From Heydelberg, thou long'st to see; and thou
This book, greater than all producest now.
Infinite work! which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'Tis no one thing; it is not fruit nor root,
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modesty was such,
That thou on th' other half wouldst never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great Lunatic!
Not till thou' exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother nose?
Go, then; and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did towns, and Gesner authors, show;
Mount now to Gallo-Belgicus; appear
As deep a statesman as a garretteer.

Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talk of Will. Conqueror and Prester Jack.
Go, bashful man! lest here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrifices send;
The West sent gold, which thou didst freely spend,
Meaning to see't no more upon the press;
The East sends hither her deliciousness;
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from hence,
The myrrh, the pepper, and the franckincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop
To neighbour wares, when merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
If for vast tuns of currants and of figs,
Of med'cinal and aromatic twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide.
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures to thick popular fairs;
If omni-pregnant there, upon warm stalls
They hatch all wares for which the buyer calls,
Then thus thy leaves we justly may commend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means which th' Ancients never took,
A pandect mak'st and universal book.
The bravest heroes for their country's good,
Scatter'd in divers lands their limbs and blood;

Worst malefactors, to whom men are prize,
Do public good cut in anatomies;
So will thy book in pieces for a lord
Which casts at Portescue's, and all the board.
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends to pass time and keep company.
Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
Measures, and fill out for the half-pint wit.
Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so;
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
Thou shalt not ease the critics of next age
So much, as once their hunger to assuage;
Nor shall wit-pirates hope to find thee lye
All in one bottom in one library.
Some leaves may paste strings there in other books
And so one may, which on another looks,
Pilfer, alas! a little wit from you,
But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
As Sybil's was, your book is mystical,
For every piece is as much worth as all:
Therefore mine impotency I confess,
The healths which my brain bears must be far le
The giant-wit o'erthrows me; I am gone;
And rather than read all I would read none.

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THE END.

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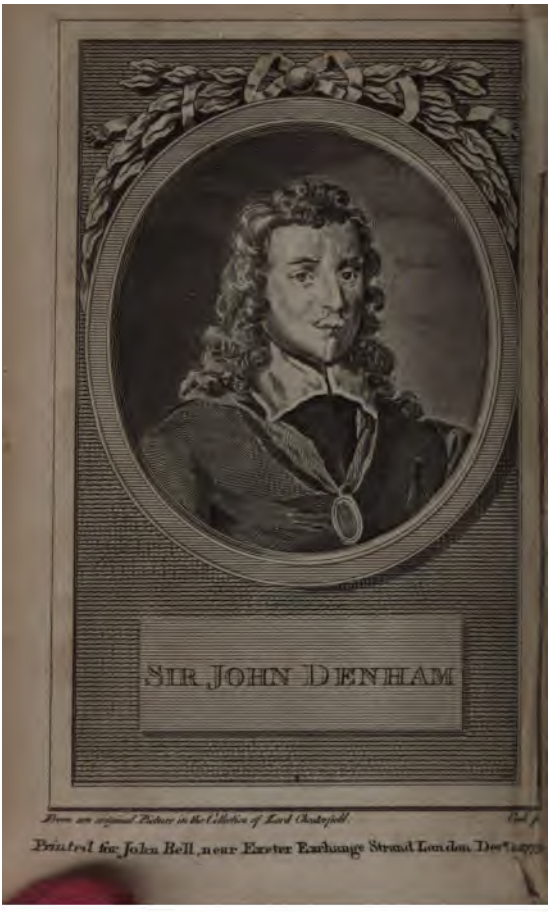
SIR JOHN DENHAM
From an original Picture in the Collection of Lord Chesterfield.
Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand London.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

From an original Picture in the Collection of Lord Orrery.

Printed for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand London.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Bear me, Oh! bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where the Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)----
Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.----
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung?

POPE.

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BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1793.

THE

POETICAL WOR

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SIR JOHN DENI M.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AU .

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1793.

THE LIFE OF

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Of sir John Denham very little is known but what is related of him by Wood, or by himself.

He was born at Dublin in 1615, and was the only son of Sir John Denham of Little Horsley in Essex, some time Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garret Moore, baron of Mellefont. In 1617, upon his father's being made one of the Barons of the Exchequer in England, our Author was brought from his native country, and received his grammatical education in London.

In 1631, being then sixteen years of age, young Denham was entered a Gentleman Commoner in Trinity College, Oxford; "where," according to Anthony Wood, "being looked upon as a slow "dreaming young man, and more addicted to gam-"ing than study, they could never imagine he would "ever enrich the world with the issue of his brain, "as he afterwards did;" for he then gave no prognostics of future eminence, nor was suspected to conceal, under sluggishness and laxity, a genius born to improve the literature of his country.

He resided three years in the university; and, after going through the proper academical exercises, ...ited to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He

had afterwards chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and for some time prosecuted the Common Law with sufficient appearance of application; yet did not lose his propensity towards gaming, but was frequently plundered by gamblers. However, being severely chid by his father, who threatened to disinherit him if he did not reform, he professed, and perhaps believed, himself reclaimed; and, to testify the sincerity of his repentance, wrote and published An Essay upon Gaming, which he presented to his father, to convince him of his detestation of it. Notwithstanding this, his father dying in 1638, he was so imprudent as to squander away several thousands in gratifying a passion which he seemingly so much detested.

He seems to have divided his studies between law and poetry; for in 1636 he translated the second book of the Æneid.

In 1641 he published The Sophy, which was acted at a private house in Blackfriars with great applause. This seems to have given him his first claim to public attention; for Waller remarked, "that he "broke out like the Irish rebellion, threescore thou-"sand strong, when no body was aware, or in the "least suspected it;" an observation void of propriety, had his poetical abilities been known before.

He was soon after pricked for High Sheriff of the county of Surrey, having an estate at Egham in that county, and appointed Governor of Farnham Cas-

tle; but his skill in military affairs not being extensive, he resigned that charge, and went to King Charles I. then at Oxford, where, in 1643, he published Cooper's Hill.*

This poem had such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence: a report was spread that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same [illegible]pt was made to rob Addison of his Cato, ar[illegible]e of his Essay on Criticism.

* This poem was printed at Oxford in 1643, and was afterwards several times reprinted. The editions after the Restoration differ con[illegible]derably from the preceding ones. In 1676 it was transla[illegible] into Latin verse by Mr. Moses Pengry, of Brazen-No[illegible] College, Oxford, and published under the title of *Cooper[illegible] Hill Latine redditum, ad Nobilissimum Dominum Gulielmum Dominum Cavendish, Honoratissimi Domini Gulielmi Comitis Devoniæ Filium Unicum.*

Mr. Dryden, speaking of this poem, says, that "for the "majesty of the style it is, and ever will be, the exact "standard of good writing." And the noble author of An Essay on Human Life observes, that "Cooper's Hill has "met with universal applause, though its subject seems "rather descriptive than instructive: but itis not the Hill, "the River, nor the Stag-chase, it is the good sense, and "the fine reflections, so frequently interspersed, and, as "it were, interwoven with the rest, that gives it the va-"lue, and will make it, as was said of true wit, everlast-"ing like the sun." Mr. Pope also celebrates this beautiful poem in the following lines of his Windsor Forest.

In 1647 the distresses of the Royal family requi
red him to engage in more dangerous employment
He was intrusted by the Queen with a message
the King, who was then in the hands of the army
and, by whatever means, so far softened the ferocit
of Hugh Peters, that, by his intercession, admissic
was procured. Of the King's condescension he h
given an account in the Dedication of this volum

After this he was employed in carrying on t
King's correspondence; and, as he says, discharg
this office with great safety to the royalists; and b
ing afterwards discovered by the adverse party
knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, he happily esc
ped, both for himself and his friends.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless;
Bear me, oh! bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove;
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
Here the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.

Mr. Somerville, also, has the following lines on our A
thor.

——Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades, where Denham, tuneful Bard
Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads with his song,
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred Shade!
To glean submiss what thy full sickle leaves.

In April 1648 he conveyed James D[uke] of York (then under the tuition of Algernon [Percy] Earl of Northumberland) from London into France, and delivered him to the Queen and Prince of Wales*. This year he published his translation of Cato Major.

He now resided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled King; and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was sometimes enjoined by his master to write occasional verses.

About this time Mr. Denham was joined with William, afterwards Lord Crofts, in an embassy from Charles II. to the King of Poland. Whilst in Poland he and Lord Crofts procured a contribution of ten thousand pounds from the Scots who traded in that kingdom. Poland was at that time very much frequented by itinerant traders, who, in a country of very little commerce and of great extent, where every man resided on his own estate, contributed very much to the accommodation of life, by bringing to every man's house those little necessaries which it was very inconvenient to want, and very troublesome to fetch. I have formerly read, without much reflection, of the multitude of Scotsmen that travelled with their wares in Poland; and

* So says Wood; but Lord Clarendon asserts that the Duke went off with Col. Bamfield only, who contrived the means of his escape.

that their numbers were not small the success of this negociation gives sufficient evidence.

Mr. Denham returned into England about the year 1652, and what estate the Civil war and the gamesters had left him being sold by order of the Parliament, he was kindly entertained by the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton, with whom he continued near twelve months.

At the Restoration, Inigo Jones being dead, he obtained, what many missed, the reward of his loyalty, being made surveyor of the King's Buildings, and at the coronation of Charles II. dignified with the order of the Bath.

After the Restoration he wrote the poem upon Prudence and Justice, and perhaps some of his other pieces; and, as he appears, whenever any serious question comes before him, to have been a man of piety, he consecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a metrical version of the Psalms of David. In this attempt he failed: but in sacred poetry who has succeeded?

From the indulgence of his royal master, joined to public esteem, there was reason to hope our Author might now be happy but human felicity is short and uncertain: upon some discontent arising from a second marriage Sir John Denham became disordered in his understanding; but recovering from that disorder, he continued in great esteem for his

poetical abilities, not only at court, but with all persons of taste and erudition; for he afterwards wrote his excellent poem upon the death of Cowley. Butler lampooned him for his lunacy; but it is not known whether the malignant lines were then made public, nor what provocation incited Butler to do that which no provocation can excuse.

Sir John Denham died at his office near Whitehall in March 1668, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey, near the tomb of Chaucer, Spenser, and Cowley.

Denham is deservedly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry. "Denham and Waller," says Prior, "improved our versification, and Dryden perfected it." He has given specimens of various composition, descriptive, ludicrous, didactic, and sublime.

He appears to have had, in common with all mankind, the ambition of being, upon proper occasions, a merry fellow; and, in common with most of them, to have been by nature, or by early habits, debarred from it. Nothing is less exhilerating than the ludicrousness of Denham. He does not fail for want of efforts; he is familiar, he is gross; but he never merry, unless the Speech against Peace in the Close Committee be excepted. For grave burlesque, however, his imitation of Davenant shews him to have been well qualified.

Of his more elevated occasional poems there is perhaps none that does not deserve commendation. In the verses to Fletcher is an image that has since been often adopted. The lines are,

> Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
> Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
> Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred, slain.

After Denham, Orrery, in one of his prologues,

> "Poets are sultans, if they had their will,
> "For every author would his brother kill."

And Pope,

> "Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
> "Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

But this is not the best of his little pieces; it is excelled by his poem to Fanshaw, and his elegy on Cowley. This elegy on the death of Cowley was his last, and, among his shorter works, his best performance: the numbers are musical, and the thoughts are just.

His praise of Fanshaw's version of Guarini contains a very sprightly and judicious character of a good translator:

> That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
> Of tracing word by word, and line by line, &c.

Cooper's Hill is the work that confers upon him the rank and dignity of an original author. He

seems to have been, at least, among us, the author of a species of composition that may be denominated Local Poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.

To trace a new scheme of poetry has in itself a very high claim to praise; and its praise is yet more when it is apparently copied by Garth and Pope; after whose names little will be gained by an enumeration of smaller poets, that have left scarce a corner of the island undignified by rhyme or blank verse.

Cooper's Hill, if it be maliciously inspected, will not be found without its faults. The digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the sentiments sometimes such as will not bear a rigorous inquiry. The four verses, which, since Dryden has commended them, almost every writer for a century past has imitated, are generally known;

> O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme;
> Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull;
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

The lines are in themselves not perfect; for most of the words, thus artfully opposed, are to be understood simply on one side of the comparison, and

metaphorically on the other; and if there be any language which does not express intellectual operations by material images, into that language they cannot be translated; but so much meaning is comprised in so few words; the particulars of resemblance are so perspicaciously collected, and every mode of excellence separated from its adjacent fault by so nice a line of limitation; the different parts of the sentence are so accurately adjusted, and the flow of the last couplet is so smooth and sweet, that the passage, however celebrated, has not been praised above its merit. It has beauty peculiar to itself, and must be numbered among those felicities which cannot be produced at will by wit and labour, but must arise unexpectedly in some hour propitious to poetry.

Sir John Denham appears to have been one of the first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines, and interpreting single words. How much this servile practice obscured the clearest, and deformed the most beautiful parts of the ancient authors, may be discovered by a perusal of our earlier versions; some of them the works of men well qualified not only by critical knowledge, but by poetical genius, who yet, by a mistaken ambition of exactness, degraded at once their originals and themselves.

Denham saw the better way, but has not pursued

it with great success. His versions of Virgil are not pleasing, but they taught Dryden to please better. His poetical imitation of Tully on Old Age has neither the clearness of prose nor the sprightliness of poetry. The strength of Denham, which Pope so emphatically mentions, is to be found in many lines and couplets, which convey much meaning in few words, and exhibit the sentiment with more weight than bulk.

ON THE THAMES.

Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.

ON STRAFFORD.

His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder and three kingdoms' fear;
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, altho'
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake.
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he.
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.

ON COWLEY.

To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own.
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear.

As one of Denham's principal claims to the regard of posterity arises from his improvement of our numbers, his versification ought to be considered: it will afford that pleasure which arises from the observation of a man of right natural judgment forsaking bad copies by degrees, and advancing towards a better practice as he gains more confidence in himself.

In his translation of Virgil, written when he was about twenty-one years old, may be still found the old manner of continuing the sense ungracefully from verse to verse.

> ——Then all those
> Who in the dark our fury did escape,
> Returning, know our borrow'd arms and shape,
> And diff'ring dialect: then their numbers swell
> And grow upon us. First Chorœbus fell
> Before Minerva's altar: next did bleed
> Just Rhipeus, whom no Trojan did exceed
> In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
> Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
> Their friends: nor thee, Panthœus, thy piety,
> Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
> Ill fate could save. My country's funeral flame,
> And Troy's cold ashes, I attest and call
> To witness for myself, that in their fall
> No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
> Did and deserv'd no less my fate to find.

From this kind of concatenated metre he afterwards refrained, and taught his followers the art of concluding their sense in couplets, which has perhaps been with rather too much constancy pursued.

This passage exhibits one of those triplets which *are not unfrequent* in this first essay, but which, it is

to be supposed, his maturer judgment disapproved, since in his latter works he has totally forborne them.

His rhymes are such as seem found without difficulty by following the sense, and are, for the most part, as exact at least, as those of other poets, though now and then the reader is shifted off with what he can get.

> -------Oh how transform'd!
> How much unlike that Hector who return'd
> Clad in Achilles' spoils!--------

And again,

> From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
> Like petty princes from the fall of Rome.

Sometimes the weight of rhyme is laid upon a word too feeble to sustain it.

> -------Troy confounded falls
> From all her glories: if it might have stood
> By any power by this right hand it should.
> ----And tho' my outward state misfortune hath
> Depress'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
> ----Thus by his fraud, and our own faith o'ercome,
> A feigned tear destroys us, against whom
> Tydides nor Achilles could prevail
> Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail.

He is not very careful to vary the ends of his verses: in one passage the word *die* rhymes three couplets in six.

Most of these petty faults are in his first productions, when he was less skilful, or at least less dexterous, in the use of words; and though they had

been more frequent, they could only have lessened the grace, not the strength of his composition. He is one of the writers that improved our taste, and advanced our language, and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

AFTER the delivery of your Royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the Queen-mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of Hugh Peters, I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the Queen, (his Majesty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs. But, sir, I will not launch into an history instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before, being those to Sir R. Fanshaw) and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since. He was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England; and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alledging that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him; and at his departure from

Hampton-Court he was pleased to comm
stay privately at London, to send to him a
from him all his letters from and to all his c
dents at home and abroad; and I was furn
nine several ciphers in order to it; which t
formed with great safety to the persons w
we corresponded: but about nine months a
discovered by their knowledge of Mr.
hand, I happily escaped, both for myself
that held correspondence with me. Tha
too hot and busy for such idle speculati
after I had the good fortune to wait upon
jesty in Holland and France, you were plea
times to give me arguments to divert and
evil hours of our banishment, which now
fell not short of your Majesty's expectati

After, when your Majesty, departing
Germains to Jersey, was pleased freely (w
asking) to confer upon me that place whe
now the honour to serve you, I then gave
cal lines, and made it my business to draw s
as might be more serviceable to your Maje
hope more lasting. Since that time I never
my old master's commands till this sum
Wells, my retirement there tempting m
those melancholy thoughts which the ne
tions of foreign invasion and domestic
gave us: but these clouds being now hap
over, and our sun clearly shining out aga

recovered the relapse, it being suspected uld have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth: yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato, did the same; and Scaliger saith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities that any that come after; for what author can reasonably believe that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your Majesty's view; and having past the test of so clear and sharp-sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your Majesty will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for those latter parts which have not yet received your Majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not trust my own judgment) they will make it appear that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices till their vices forsake them; and that this divorce was not *frigiditatis causa*, but an act of choice, and not of necessity. Therefore, Sir, I

shall only call it an Humble Petition tha
jesty will please to pardon this new an
old mistress, and my disobedience to hi
to whose memory I look up with gre
and devotion: and making a serious ref
that wise advice, it carries much gre
with it now than when it was given; f
and experience has so ripened man's d
to make it fit for use, either in private o
fairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the f
much as the empty airy reputation of
poëta; and therefore I shall take my l
Muses, as two of my predecessors did

"Splendidis longum valedico nugis.
"Hic versus et caetera ludicra pono."

Your Majesty's most faithful

and loyal subject, and mos

dutiful and devoted serv

JO. D

MISCELLANIES.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Thro' untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse *, whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.

* Mr. Waller.

Under his proud survey the City lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where with like haste, tho' several ways, they run
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load.
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.

en Nature's hand this ground did thus advance
as guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance;
t'd out for such an use, as if 't were meant
nvite the builder, and his choice prevent.
can we call it choice, when what we choose
y or blindness only could refuse.
rown of such majestic towers doth grace
gods' great mother, when her heavenly race
homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
ong that num'rous and celestial host,
e heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
ıortal book record more noble names.
to look back so far, to whom this isle
s the first glory of so brave a pile,
ether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
o' this of old no less contest did move
n when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
e him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
hine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
t a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
ave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
thee, great Edward! and thy greater son*,
e Lilies which his father wore he won)

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

And thy Iona*, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king†,
And brought that son which did the second† bring;
Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble cause and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from those kings who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for or the vanquish'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose to whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circles, he did seem
But to foretel and prophesy of him;

* Queen Philippa.
† *The kings* of France and Scotland.

his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Nature for their bound at first design'd;
und which to the world's extremest ends,
itself, its liquid arms extends.
h he need those emblems which we paint,
imself the soldier and the saint.
ould my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
; a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
el crown'd, till in the common fate
oining abbey fell. (May no such storm
our times, where ruin must reform!)
:, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
rime, could any Christian king incense
ı a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
so temperate, so chaste, so just?
hese their crimes! they were his own much more;
ılth is crime enough to him that's poor,
ıving spent the treasures of his crown,
ıns their luxury to feed his own;
t this act, to varnish o'er the shame
ilege, must bear Devotion's name.
ıe so bold but would be understood
or at least, a seeming good.
ars not to do ill yet fears the name,
ee from conscience, is a slave to fame.
e the church at once protects and spoils;
ıces *swords* are sharper than their styles:

And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their Frigid and our Torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture;
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays:

! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
old sire, to his embraces runs,
to pay his tribute to the sea,
ortal life to meet eternity;
ith those streams he no resemblance hold,
foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
nine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
not his bottom, but survey his shore,
hich he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
tches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
n destroys it with too fond a stay,
others which their infants overlay;
th a sudden and impetuous wave,
ofuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
xpected inundations spoil
wer's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
like his unweary'd bounty flows;
ves to do, then loves the good he does.
his blessings to his banks confin'd,
e and common as the sea or wind;
he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
the tributes of his grateful shores,
he world, and in his flying tow'rs
home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
realth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
d deserts, woods in cities plants.
to us no thing, no place is strange,
his fair bosom is the world's exchange.

O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame is thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars *, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, thro' the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd † youth gaz'd here,

* The Forest. † Narcissus.

So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,

Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's, should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear.
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had giv'n this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet,
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompence;
Then curses his conspiring feet whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,

His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;

Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor fo
Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course ;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst : alas ! they thirst for bl
So t'wards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag ; among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wou
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now th
Tho' prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands ; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursu'd *, and meant a prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at b

* *Runny Mead*, where the Magna Charta was first

When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving, gave themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
"Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
A channel to a new or narrow course,

No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name, tho' all
Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate.
As chymists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forg'd by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdom's wonder, and three kingdoms fear,
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, altho'
Each had an army as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake.
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see
And none was more a looker on than he.
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate,

Now they could him if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise to live;
Less seem those facts which Treason's nickname bore
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.
Their legislative frenzy they repent,
Enacting it should make no precedent.
This fate he could have scap'd, but would not lose
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their fears than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown.

ON MY LORD CROFT'S AND MY JOURNEY INTO POLAND.

am whence we brought 10,000l for his Majesty, by the decimation of his Scottish subjects there.

I.

OLE, tole,
ittle bell! for the soul
the pure ones in Pole,
ich are damn'd in our scroll.

II.

having felt a touch
ockram's greedy clutch,
h tho' it was not much,
eir stubbornness was such,

III.

That when we did arrive,
'Gainst the stream we did strive;
They would neither lead nor drive;

IV.

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an answer would send
To our letter so well penn'd;

V.

Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their answer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

VI.

Thus they did persist,
Did and said what they list,
Till the diet was dismist;
But then our breech they kist.

VII.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The diet said, Amen.

VIII.

And because they are loath
To discover the troth,
They must give word and oath,
Tho' they will forfeit both.

IX.

i the constitution
emns them every one,
the father to the son.

X.

ohn
friend Mollesson
ght us to have outgone
a quaint invention.

XI.

he prophets of yore,
mplain'd long before
: mischiefs in store,
and thrice as much more ;

XII.

with that wicked lie
er they came by
our king's Majesty.

XIII.

ate
ht the letter too late ;
i of too old a date
lieve their damn'd state.

XIV.

tter's to be seen,
seal of wax so green,
intzig, where 't has been
d into good Latin.

XV.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print
Must also pay his stint.

XVI.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the messenger fell sick.

XVII.

Had it later been wrote,
And sooner been brought,
They had got what they sought;
But now it serves for nought.

XVIII.

On Sandys * they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thousand pound.

ON MR. THO. KILLIGREW's RETURN FROM VENICE, AND MR. WILLIAM MURREY's FROM SCOTLAND.

OUR resident Tom
From Venice is come,

* Mr. W.

hath left the statesman behind him;
s at the same pitch,
wise, is as rich;
just where you left him you find him.

II.

who says he was not
n of much plot
repent that false accusation;
ng plotted and penn'd
lays, to attend
farce of his negociation.

III.

e you were told
Satan.* the old
e here with a beard to his middle;
he chang'd face and name,
Will was the same,
ne noise of a can and a fiddle.

IV.

e statesmen, you believe,
straight for the shrieve,
he is one too, or would be
he drinks no wine,
ch is a shrewd sign
t all's not so well as it should be.

* Mr. W. Murrey.

V.

These three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of banishment, debts, or dying!
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears,
But their angry stars still defying.

VI.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad;
But of that they are seldom in danger:
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they're at home;
The good fellow is no where a stranger.

ON MR. ABR. COWLEY'S DEA

AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT P

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;

/ Shakespeare's, Johnson's, Fletcher's lines
ır stage's lustre Rome's outshines,
hese poets near our princes sleep,
nd in one grave their mansion keep.
hey liv'd to see so many days,
ill time had blasted all their bays:
ıt cursed be the fatal hour
hat pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
hat in the Muses' garden grew,
nd amongst wither'd laurels threw!
ime, which made them their fame outlive,
o Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
ld mother Wit, and Nature, gave
hakespeare and Fletcher all they have:
ı Spenser, and in Johnson, Art
f slower Nature got the start;
ut both in him so equal are,
one knows which bears the happier share.
o him no author was unknown,
et what he wrote was all his own:
e melted not the ancient gold,
or, with Ben Johnson, did make bold
o plunder all the Roman stores
f poets and of orators.
orace's wit and Virgil's state
e did not steal but emulate;
nd when he would like them appear,
heir garb but not their clothes did wear.

ON COWLEY'S DEATH.

He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece,
To him that language (tho' to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus * sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When thro' th' ethereal clouds he flies;
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd,
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know:
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear †,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture so true
A copy pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their Genii straight appear:
Joy and amazement her did strike;
Two twins she never saw so like.

* His Pindarics. † His last works

Twas taught by wise Pythagoras
ne soul might thro' more bodies pass:
eing such transmigration there,
he thought it not a fable here.
uch a resemblance of all parts,
ife, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
hen lights her torch at theirs, to tell
nd shew the world this parallel:
x'd and contemplative their looks,
ill turning over Nature's books;
heir works chaste, moral, and divine,
here profit and delight combine;
hey, gilding dirt, in noble verse
ustic philosophy rehearse.
Vhen heroes, gods, or godlike kings,
hey praise, on their exalted wings
o the celestial orbs they climb,
nd with th' harmonious spheres keep time.
or did their actions fall behind
heir words, but with like candour shin'd;
ach drew fair characters, yet none
f these they feign'd excels their own.
oth by two gen'rous princes lov'd,
Vho knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
et having each the same desire,
oth from the busy throng retire.
heir bodies, to their minds resign'd,
ar'd not to propagate their kind;

fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no pow'r:
Nor fire nor Fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER's WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms;
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire;
As now we do to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's resurrection,
Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race more wounds
Hath suffer'd than Acteon from his hounds;
Which first their brains and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, does return
T' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age
Which casts thy praise on them to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it:
Who, not content, like felons, to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;

Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Johnson, Shakespeare, and thyself, did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from Johnson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy Nature did bestow
On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee, full grown,
Their graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say here Nature ends and Art begins,
But mix'd like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, so like, so much the same,
None this mere Nature that mere Art can name.
'Twas this the Ancients meant: nature and skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus hill.

NATURA NATURATA.

I.

WHAT gives us that fantastic fit
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar custom we submit?

II.

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
Of that foul legion we so detest,
Are in their proper names exprest.

III.

Why is it then thought sin or shame
Those necessary parts to name
From whence we went, and whence we came

IV.

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;
With love inflaming our desires,
Finds engines fit to quench those fires:

V.

Death she abhors; yet when men die
We're present; but no stander-by
Looks on when we that loss supply.

VI.

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear;
Ev'n sack prohibited last year
A most abominable rate did bear.

VII.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raise, by that device,
Of those commodities the price.

VIII.

Thus reason's shadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led astray,
From Nature, both her guide and way.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE AGAINST LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I.

Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dipp'd when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know but they who feel the smart.

II.

If is not thou but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

III.

Love to our citadel resorts;
Thro' those deceitful sallyports
Our centinels betray our forts.

IV.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

V.

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

VI.

How happy he that loves not lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives
To Fortune who no hostage gives.

VII.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasy, finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

VIII.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth, attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

IX.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife or wanton boy
May all those gen'rous thoughts destroy.

X.

Then he lays by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

XI.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight:

XII.

Tho' still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone no fear he knew.

XIII.

But Death in all her forms appears
From ev'ry thing he sees and hears
For whom he leads and whom he bears *.

* His father and son.

XIV.

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

XV.

This was the cause, the poets sung,
Thy mother from the sea was sprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

XVI.

Her father, not her son, art thou:
From our desires our actions grow;
And from the cause th' effect must flow.

XVII.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandsire of father Adam's crime.

XVIII.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

XIX.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder to the god of Love.

XX.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion) his flaming shield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

XXI.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is,
But less than nothing if it miss.

XXII.

When matches Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wildfire's quench'd in cold neglects:

XXIII.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best
Where Love's of blindness dispossest
By perspectives of interest.

XXIV.

Tho' Sol'mon with a thousand wives
To get a wise successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

XXV.

Old Rome of children took no care;
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

XXVI.

Love drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes, and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

XXVII.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

XXVIII.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, av'rice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

XXIX.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear:

XXX.

Yet tim'rous deer and harmless sheep
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature cease to keep.

XXXI.

Who then can blame the am'rous boy
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own set fire on Troy?

XXXII.

Such is the world's prepost'rous fate,
Amongst all creatures mortal hate
Love (tho' immortal) doth create.

XXXIII.

But Love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

XXXIV.

But man's that savage beast, whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

A SPEECH AGAINST PEAC

AT THE

CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of, "I went from England.

But will you now to peace incline,
And languish in the main design,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy destroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the Bishop's bill deny'd,
And we still threaten'd to be try'd?
You see the King embraces
Those counsels he approv'd before;
Nor doth he promise, which is more,
That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 'tis no secret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together.
Did I for this return again,
And spend a winter there in vain
Once more t' invite them hither?

Tho' more our money than our cause
Their brotherly assistance draws,
My labour was not lost.
At my return I brought you thence
Necessity, their strong pretence,
And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight against their king,
And raise the first sedition?
Tho' I the bus'ness did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the City
In that invisible Committee,
The wheel that governs all:
From thence the change in church and state,
And all the mischief bears the date
From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
Upon the King to cast the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Because the rebels us'd his name?
Tho' we ourselves can do the same,
While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wisely lost that nation:
To do as crafty beggars use,
To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse
The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often pass'd between
Windsor and Westminster unseen,
And did myself divide,
To keep his Excellence in awe,
And give the Parliament the law?
For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
And did their lungs inspire;
Gave them their texts, shew'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts
To fling abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
And say the Cavaliers are beaten,
To stroke the people's ears;
Then straight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bel
And now our act, the preacher tells,
To edify the people;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal use
The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again?
And must we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this mischief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the necessity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath?
They'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or being good, it is so still;
And thence they will infer
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go asunder:
But while the wicked starve, indeed,
The saints have ready at their need
God's providence and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail.
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our least of praise,
Since a new state we could not raise
To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay, and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
Oh! 'tis a patient beast?
When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We'll have the spoil at least.

To the Five Members of the Hon.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

AFTER so many concurring petitions
rom all ages and sexes, and all conditions,
'e come in the rear to present our follies
o Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, Hampden, and Holles.
ho' set form of prayer be an abomination,
t forms of petition find great approbation;
herefore as others from th' bottom of their souls,
) we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
ccording unto the bless'd form you have taught us,
'e thank you first for the ills you have brought us:
or the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
nd you for the confidence only to crave it.
ext, in course, we complain of the great violation
f privilege; (like the rest of our nation)
ut 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Vhich never had being until they were broken;
ut ours is a privilege ancient and native,
angs not on an ordinance or pow'r legislative.
nd, first 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Vithout fear of a prison or pursuivants' fees.
ext, that we only may lie by authority;
ut in that also you have got the prority.
ext, an old custom, our fathers did name it
oetical License, and always did claim it.

this we have pow'r to change age into youth,
urn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth:
a brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;
This art some poet, or the devil has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both Houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
That kings by them only are made and deposed:
This tho' you cannot do, yet you are willing;
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They're tyrants and monsters; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it.
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas! what are they but poems in prose?
And between those and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense.
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it;
And tho' you are modest, and seem to abhor it,
It has done you good service, and thank Hell for it.
Altho' the old maxim remains still in force,
That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd course,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made;

Nay, even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made King Charles himself a
But provoke not his Muse, for all the wo
Already you have had too much of his

A WESTERN WONDER

Do you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Western Wond
When a hundred and ten slew five thous
With the help of lightning and thunder

There Hopeton was slain again and aga
Or else my author did lie;
With a new Thanksgiving for the dead wh
To God and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side was this miracl
I hope we at last are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are risen fron
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his hono
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a r
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now ... outruns his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him.
But they follow after; unless he takes water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath lost,
Goes deep in the Sequestrations;
These wounds will not heal with your new great seal,
Nor Jepson's declarations.

Now Peters and Case, in your pray'r and grace,
Remember the new Thanksgiving;
Isaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

You heard of that Wonder, of the lightning and thunder,
Which made the lie so much the louder:
Now list to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of powder.

O what a damp it struck thro' the camp!
But as for honest Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies without beard or eyes,
But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book which the newsmonger took
From the preaching lady's letter,
Where, in the first place, stood the conqueror's face,
Which made it shew much the better.

But now, without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him;
Great William the Con. so fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost;
But, alas! we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Case with a pitiful face
In the pulpit to fall a-weeping;
Tho' his mouth utter'd lies, truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord Mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops
For the laws, not your cause, you that loath 'em,
Lest Essex should start, and play the second part
Of the worshipful Sir John Hotham.

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN SIR JOHN POOLEY AND MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL.

To thee dear Tom! myself addressing,
Most queremoniously confessing
That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted gravity
I perpetrated arts of pravity
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puissance,
For some venereal rejouissance,
I got (as one may say) a nuisance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, Cousin Pooley,
And in plain English tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look so bluely?

'Tis not your hard words will avail you;
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young you led a life monastic,
And wore a vest ecclesiastic;
Now in your age you grow fantastic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality;

The fæces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a distillation
Thro' th' instrument of propagation.

KIL. Then, Cousin, (as I guess the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are shot 'twixt wind and water.

Your style has such an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That ev'n your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once so economic,
Quitting the thrifty style laconic,
Turn prodigal in macaronic.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send-a
Person of knowledge, who can mend-a
Disaster in your nether end-a—

Whether it pullen be or shanker,
Cordee, and crooked like an anchor;
Your cure too costs you but a spanker.

Or tho' your piss be sharp as razor,
Do but confer with Dr. Frazer,
He'll make your running nag a pacer.

Nor shall you need your silver-quick, Sir;
Take Mongo Murray's black elixir,
And in a week it cures your p—, Sir.

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, so discerning,
Methinks t'wards fifty should take warning

Once in a pit * you did miscarry;
That danger might have made one wary:
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me not such disconsolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Tho' it may gain the ladies' favour,
Yet it may raise an evil savour
Upon all grave and staid behav'our.

And I will rub my mater pia,
To find a rhyme to gonorrhea,
And put it in my litania.

* *Hunting* near Paris he and his horse fell into a

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

PREFACE.

My early mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease t' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth;
Now stoop, with disinchanted wings, to truth.
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough:
Tell (like a tall old oak) how Learning shoots
To heav'n her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the east,
He his own image on the clay imprest.
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience, (for the world was new)
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor th' offence.
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before;
And tho' th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood arts to Chaldea fell;
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructer was:
From thence did learning into Egypt pass.

Moses in all th' Egyptian arts was skill'd,
When heav'nly pow'r that chosen vessel fill'd;
And we to his high inspiration owe
That what was done before the flood we know.
From Egypt arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapp'd in the fable of the Golden Fleece.
Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities:
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one:
Th' Eternal Cause in their immortal lines
Was taught, and poets were the first divines.
God Moses first, then David, did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heav'nly quire:
To th' one the style of Friend he did impart,
On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart:
And Moses, in the old original,
Ev'n God the poet of the world doth call.
Next those old Greeks Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd Wise.
The divine Plato moral virtue shows,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
Who Nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach:
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds.
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits.

Proud Greece all nations else barbarian.....,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence *, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome.
Then wheresoe'er her conq'ring Eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread;
And as in this our microcosm the heart
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to ev'ry part,
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues thro' the universe.
Here some digression I must make, t' accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful Muse!
Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
And not to thy great ancestors do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd:
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see.
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's scull the Muses' hive,
And from his brain that Helicon distill
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.

* Græcia Major.

When great Augustus made war's tempests cease,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace,
He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
By Horace drawn and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly mysterious that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the same *.
What the Tragedian † wrote, the late success
Declares was inspiration and not guess:
As dark a truth that author did unfold
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
" At last the ocean shall unlock the bound ‖
" Of things, and a new world by Typhis found;
" Then ages far remote shall understand
" The Isle of Thule is not the farthest land."
Sure God, by these discov'ries, did design
That his clear light thro' all the world should shine;
But the obstruction from that discord springs
The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings:
That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
From heav'n the Prince of Peace himself came down;
Then the true Sun of knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd;
The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood
Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.
His passion man from his first fall redeem'd;
Once more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd;

* Vates. † Seneca. ‖ The prophesy.

Satan himself was bound, till th' iron
Our pride did break, and let him loose
Still the old sting remain'd, and man
To tempt the serpent as he tempted ma
Then hell sends forth her furies, Av'ri
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy thei
Tho' the foundation on a rock were lai
The church was undermin'd, and then
Tho' the Apostles these events foretold
Yet ev'n the shepherd did devour the fc
The fisher to convert the world began
The pride convincing of vain-glorious
But soon his followers grew a sov'reig
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter'
Which still maintains for his adopted s
Vast patrimonies, tho' himself had no
Wresting the text to the old giant's se
That heav'n once more must suffer vic
Then subtle doctors scriptures made t
Casuists, like cocks, struck out each o
Then dark distinctions reason's light
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd:
Then Mah'met's Crescent, by our feu
Blasted the learn'd remainders of the I
That project when from Greece to Ro
Made Mother Ignorance Devotion's d
Then he whom Lucifer's own pride di
His faithful emissary rose from hell

To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand
Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns, did stand;
And before that exalted idol all
(Whom we call gods on earth) did prostrate fall.
Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
From lazy cells, where superstition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, so increas'd,
That the whole world some ages they oppress'd;
Till thro' those clouds the Sun of knowledge brake,
And Europe from her lethargy did wake;
Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches' nursing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the false ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
Then his well-study'd masterpiece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inspires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires;
Sends their forerunner (conscious of th' event)
Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
Into the press from ruin'd cloisters leapt.
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilst ev'ry man's his own interpreter;
No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay-elders from their ends create their god.
But sev'n wise men the ancient world did know,
We scarce know sev'n who think themselves not so.

When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd;
Almost as many minds as men we find;
And when that flame finds combustible eart
Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their bir
Legions of sects and insects come in throng
To name them all would tire a hundred ton
Such were the Centaurs, of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And such the monsters of Chimæra's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the clashes between popes and k
Debate, like sparks from flints' collision, s
As Jove's loud thunderbolts were forg'd b
The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat:
All the rich mines of Learning ransack'd a
To furnish ammunition for this war;
Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
And double edges on our passions sets.
'Tis the most certain sign the world's accur
That the best things corrupted are the wor
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge hu
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the worl
That sun like this (from which our sight w
Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he ga
And when thick mists of doubts obscure hi
Our guide is error and our visions dreams.

'Twas no false heraldry when Madness drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew.
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils.
When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line.
True piety without cessation tost
By theories, the practic part is lost;
And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit;
Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
The Atheist looking on enjoys the spoils.
Thro' seas of knowledge we our course advance,
Dicovering still new worlds of ignorance;
And these discov'ries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess.
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion:
The standers-by see clearly this event;
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent.
With their new light our bold inspectors press,
Like Cham, to shew their fathers' nakedness,
By whose example after ages may
Discover we more naked are than they.
All human wisdom to divine is folly:
This truth the wisest man made melancholy.
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd brings grief.

Who thinks his wife is virtuous, tho' not so,
Is pleas'd and patient till the truth he know.
Our God, when heav'n and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should of both participate.
If our lives' motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
When like a bridegroom from the east the sun
Sets forth, he thither whence he came doth run.
Into earth's spungy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to replenish which he drinks:
So Learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
Back to the source some secret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

"Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit æstas,
"Sic ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque finem."

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY LORD HASTINGS, 1650.

READER, preserve thy peace: those busy eyes
Will weep at their own sad discoveries,
When ev'ry line they add improves thy loss,
Till having view'd the whole they sum a cross,
Such as derides thy passions' best relief,
And scorns the succours of thy easy grief:

ay ignorance betray thy name
Of man and pious, read and mourn : the sham
Of an exemption from just sense doth show
Irrational, beyond excess of woe.
Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here
Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
Dust far more precious than in India's veins :
Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies
That which completes the ages tyrannies ;
Who weak to such another ill appear,
For what destroys our hope secures our fear.
What sin, unexpiated in this land
Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand ?
The late great victim * that your altars knew,
Ye angry gods ! might have excus'd this new
Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
Of virtue, to inform our steps aright ;
By whose example good, condemned, we
Might have run on to kinder destiny,
But as the leader of the herd fell first
A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes ; so nor
But this white fatted youngling could atone,
By his untimely fate, that impious smoke
That sullied earth, and did Heav'n's pity chok
Let it suffice for us that we have lost
In him more than the widow'd world can boast

* King Charles the first.

mp of her remaining clay.
ie grey-ey'd Morn he was; the day,
, and climbing upwards still, imparts
like that of his increasing parts.
meridian beam, his virtue's light
1 as full of comfort, and as bright.
noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
y wanted immortality
: him perfect, now submits to night
ack bosom of whose sable spite
1 a cloud of flesh behind, and flies,
all ray and glory to the skies.
Saint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
those powers to whom thou now draw'st
ear
our trembling sense, in Hastings dead,
ger and our ugly faults are read,
rt lines of whose life did to our eyes
ve and majesty epitomise:
n, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
ted grave may close her hollow jaws.
search Nature, to provide her here
d entertainment half so dear,
:ver meet a plenty like this hearse,
me present her with the universe.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,

Being in vited from Calais to Bologne to eat a pig.

I.

All on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
Little Admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom I think they call Old Loven.

II.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting *
Will. Aubrey, Count of Oxon,
When nose lay in breech,
And breech made a speech,
So often cry'd a pox on?

III.

A knight by land and water
Esteem'd at such a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent
In a cart that he went,
They'll say now, Hang him, pirate.

IV.

Thou might'st have ta'en example
From what thou read'st in story,
Being as worthy to sit
On an ambling tit
As thy predecessor Dory.

* We three riding in a cart from Dunkirk to Calais with a fat Dutch woman, who broke wind all along.

V.

But, oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a shelter:
But the rain made an ass
Of tilt and canvass,
And the snow, which you know is a melter.

VI.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender stripling Astcot,
Who was soak'd to the skin
Thro' drugget so thin,
Having neither coat nor waistcoat.

VII.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart so base,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

VIII.

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
One day for to sing,
With gullet in string,
A hymn of Robert Wisdom.

IX.

But what was all this bus'ness?
For sure it was important;
For who rides i' th' wet,
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a sport on't.

X.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
O John! thou hadst a malice;
The old driver of swine
That day sure was thine,
Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW.

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF

PASTOR FIDO.

SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write translate:
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modesty or choice.
While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand
Free from the blemish of an artless hand,
Secure of fame thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius less than his that writ
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word and line by line:
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;

Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense but truer to his fame:
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low
Lett'st in thine own to make it rise and flow,
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinew'd length:
Yet, after all, (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.
That master's hand which, to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A vary'd posture or a flatt'ring dress:
He could have made those like who made the rest
But that he knew his own design was best.

TO

THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON THE BRITISH PRINCES.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
One single rapture scarce itself confines
Within the limits of four thousand lines:
And yet I hope to see this noble heat
Continue till it makes the piece complete,
That to the latter age it may descend,
And to the end of time its beams extend.
When poesy joins profit with delight,
Her images should be most exquisite,
Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
Therefore the patterns man should imitate
Above the life our masters should create.
Herein if we consult with Greece and Rome,
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Tho' mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himself, his characters were blind:
Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his sublimed thoughts to heav'n were rais'd.
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods
Would think he had beheld their bless'd abodes;
And that his hero might accomplish'd be,
From divine blood he draws his pedigree.

that great judge your judgment takes
by the best original does draw
uca's honour, with those heroes time
in oblivion wrapt his saucy crime:
hem and to your nation you are just,
sing up their glories from the dust;
to old England you that right have done,
hew no story nobler than her own.

SONGS.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER:

Or, A proper New Ballad of certain carnal passages twixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horsley, near Colche in Essex.

To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam."

I.

ALL in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
On the side of a bank
Was play'd such a prank
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

II.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For brother Green's a stallion:
Now, alas! what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

III.

Even to our whole profession
A scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with disdain
Amongst the profane
How Brother Green was mounted.

IV.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which tho' our saints have damn'd all,
Yet when they did hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
Ever play'd such a Christmas gambol?

V.

Had thy flesh, O Green! been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
Hadst thou sweeten'd thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane mince'd pye had swallow'd;

VI.

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh
The fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fullness of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have so rid thro' thee.

VII.

But, alas! he had been feasted
With a spiritual collation
By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation.

VIII.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
Tho' he us'd the weapon carnal;

" Filly Foal," quoth he,
" My bride thou shalt be;
" And how this is lawful learn all :

IX.

" For if no respect of persons
" Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
" In a large extent
" Thereby may be meant
" That a mare's as good as a madam."

X.

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kiss'd her,
But took her by force,
For better for worse,
And us'd her like a sister.

XI.

Now when in such a saddle
A saint will needs be riding,
Tho' we dare not say
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some backsliding?

XII.

" No, surely," quoth James Naylor,
" 'Twas but an insurrection
" Of the carnal part,
" For a Quaker in heart
" Can never lose perfection.

XIII.

"For (as our masters * teach us)
"The intent being well directed,
"Tho' the devil trepan
"The Adamical man,
"The saint stands uninfected."

XIV.

But, alas! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what's intended;
Then say what we can
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be suspended.

XV.

And our adopted sister
Will find no better quarter;
But when him we enroll
For a saint, Filly Foal
Shall pass herself for a martyr.

XVI.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colchester! now
Who's Sodom but thou,
Even according to the letter?

* The Jesuits.

A SONG

I.

MORPHEUS! the humble god that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
And tho' he fears no prince's frown
Flies from the circle of a crown:

II.

Come, I say, thou pow'rful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

III.

Nature, (alas!) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

PREFACE

TO THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY, &c.

THERE are so few translations which deserve praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserved pardon; those who travel in that kind being for the most part so unhappy as to rob others without enriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good authors without raising their own: neither hath any author been more hardly dealt withal than this our master; and the reason is evident, for, what is most excellent is most inimitable; and if even the worst authors are yet made worse by their translators, how impossible is it not to do great injury to the best? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my copy equal to the original, nor (consequently) myself altogether guiltless of what I accuse others; but if I can do Virgil less injury than others have done, it will be in some degree to do him right; and, indeed, the hope of doing him more right is the only

scope of this essay, by opening a new way of translating this author to those whom youth, leisure, and better fortune, make fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it is a vulgar error in translating poets, to affect being *fidus interpres*; let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith: but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts: for it is not his business alone to translate language into language but poesy into poesy; and poesy is of so subtle a spirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whosoever offers at verbal translation shall have the misfortune of that young traveller who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it: for the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words, and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase. And as speech is the apparel of our thoughts, so are there certain garbs and modes of speaking which vary with the times, the fashion of our clothes being not more sub-

ject to alteration than that of our speech: and this I think Tacitus meant by that which he calls *sermonem temporis istius auribus accommodatum*; the delight of change being as due to the curiosity of the ear as of the eye; and therefore if Virgil must needs speak English, it were fit he should speak not only as a man of this nation, but as a man of this age; and if this disguise I have put upon him (I wish I could give it a better name) sit not naturally and easily on so grave a person, yet it may become him better than that fool's coat wherein the French and Italians have of late represented him; at least, I hope it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormously bigger or less than the life; (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow nature, in all his proportions) neither have I any where offered such violence to his sense as to make it seem mine and not his. Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our language or my art was defective; (but I rather suspect myself) but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; so that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at least the results of them; and if (being conscious of making him speak worse than he did almost in

every line) I err in endeavouring sometimes to make him speak better, I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and such an one as may deserve pardon, if not imitation.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN ESSAY ON THE

SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

The Argument.

THE first book speaks of Æneas' voyage by sea, and how, being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this book.

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state.
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my sense restore
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more.
Not the most cruel of our conqu'ring foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly
The sad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining stars to rest invite?
Yet since 'tis your command, what you so well
Are pleas'd to hear I cannot grieve to tell.

By Fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,
The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return: this Fame
Divulges: then within the beast's vast womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb.
In view the isle of Tenedos, once high
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie;
(Now but an unsecure and open bay)
Thither, by stealth, the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ sail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
All thro' th' unguarded gates with joy resort
To see the slighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles; here
The battles join'd; the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
And first Thymœtes moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
But Capys and the graver sort thought fit
The Greeks' suspected present to commit
To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
The sides, and what that space contains t' explore.
The uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, What desp'rate frenzy's this, (oh, friends!)

To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a design; their gift's but a deceit:
For our destruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force. Yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?
Their swords less danger carry than their gifts.
(This said) against the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans not his own; and had not Fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had stood.
Mean-while a fetter'd pris'ner to the king
With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his death or his design assur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest.
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
"What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incensed Troy a wretched captive seeks
To sacrifice; a fugitive the Greeks."

To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts; we now enquire his parentage;
What of their counsels or affairs he knew?
Then fearless he replies, "Great King! to you
All truth I shall relate: nor first can I
Myself to be of Grecian birth deny;
And tho' my outward state misfortune hath
Depress'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne support;
I but a youth, yet some esteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
(Things known I speak) he was of life bereft:
Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
Till now, disdaining his unworthy end,
I could not silence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wish'd return to Greece; from hence his hate,
From thence, my crimes, and all my ills, bear date:
Old guilt fresh malice gives; the people's ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I these thankless truths pursue,

Or why defer your rage? on me for all
The Greeks let your revenging fury fall.
Ulysses this, th' Atridæ this desire
At any rate." We straight are set on fire
(Unpractis'd in such mysteries) to inquire
The manner and the cause, which thus he told,
With gestures humble, as his tale was bold.
" Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tir'd
With tedious war, a stol'n retreat desir'd,
And would to Heav'n they 'ad gone, but still dis-
By seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd. [may'd
Chiefly when this stupendous pile was rais'd
Strange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Dispatch Eurypylus t' inquire our fates,
Who thus the sentence of the gods relates;
" A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
" When first t'wards Troy the Grecians took the seas:
" Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood
" Must purchase." All at this confounded stood;
Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all
Of what the mischief but on one can fall:
Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd, (for many were as well
Inspir'd as he) and did my fate foretell.
Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at last constrain'd

By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd
Me for the sacrifice: the people join'd
In glad consent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate. The day drew near,
The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confess I found
The means to my escape: my bonds I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongst the sedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their sails had hoist, (if so they did)
And now, alas! no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my sons, to see,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.
Those gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men, by these I beg; redress
My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress."
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds,
Then spake the king, "Be ours, whoe'er thou art
Forget the Greeks, But first the truth impart,
Why did they raise, or to what use intend,
This pile? to a warlike or religious end?"
Skilful in fraud (his native art) his hands
T'ward heav'n he rais'd, deliver'd now from bans
"Ye pure ethereal flames! ye pow'rs ador'd
By mortal men! ye altars, and the sword

I 'scap'd! ye sacred fillets that involv'd
My destin'd head! grant I may stand absolv'd
From all their laws and rites renounce all name
Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim,
Only, O Troy! preserve thy faith to me,
If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
From Pallas' favour all our hopes, and all
Counsels and actions took original,
Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulysses wit)
Assails the sacred tower; the guards they slay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image: straight with our success
Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
Her just disdain; her flaming eyes did throw
Flashes of lightning; from each part did flow
A briny sweat; thrice brandishing her spear,
Her statue from the ground itself did rear:
Then that we should our sacrilege restore,
And reconvey their gods from Argos' shore,
Calchas persuades till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To measure back the main
They all consent, but to return again
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then instead of that, this pile
To Pallas was design'd, to reconcile
Th' offended pow'r, and expiate our guilt;
To this vast height and monstrous stature built

Lest, thro' your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
Then cruel plagues (which Heav'n divert on them!)
Shall fall on Priam's state: but if the horse
Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract,
Our sons then suff'ring what their sires would act."
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear destroys us, against whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thousand sail.
This seconded by a most sad portent,
Which credit to the first imposture lent,
Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
Devoted to that god a bull did slay;
When two prodigious serpents were descry'd,
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide:
Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,
And stem the flood with their erected breasts;
Their winding tails advance and steer their course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there came
A direful hiss, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
Then him who armed to their rescue runs,

They seiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compassing and twice his waist:
Their pois'nous knots he strives to break and tear,
While slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear,
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From th' altar flies, and from his wounded scull
Shakes the huge axe. The conq'ring serpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie
Under her feet, within her shield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent
Justly on him who struck the sacred oak
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
We all consent.

A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall,
Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall.
Thus all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and some the monster drive
With rolls and levers: thus our work it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and rhymes,
Some dance, some haul the rope; at last let down,
It enters with a thund'ring noise the town.
Oh, Troy! the seat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it stuck, as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard; yet, blinded by the power
Of Fate, we place it in the sacred tower.
Cassandra then foretells th' event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)

The altars with fresh flowers the priests,
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
Now by the revolution of the skies
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise;
Which heav'n and earth, and the Greek fraude in-
The city in secure repose dissolv'd, [volv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
When Sinon (sav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horse, and thro' the unlock'd doors
To the free air the armed freight restores.
Ulysses, Sthenelus, Tisander, slide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was: [wine
The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep and
Oppress'd, surprise, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care,
(The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and
Before my face lamenting Hector stood, [blood,
His aspect such when, soil'd with bloody dust,
Dragg'd by the cords which thro' his feet were thrust
By his insulting foe: O how transform'd!
How much unlike that Hector who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils! when he among
A thousand ships (like Jove) his lightning flung!

His horrid beard and knotted tresses stood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood.
Entranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, The joy,
The hope and stay of thy declining Troy!
What region held thee? whence, so much desir'd,
Art thou restor'd to us, consum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths? But what sad cause confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds?
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
"Fly from the flame, O goddess-born! our walls
"The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls
"From all her glories: if it might have stood
"By any pow'r, by this right hand it should.
"What man could do by me for Troy was done.
"Take here her relicks and her gods, to run
"With them thy fate; with them new walls expect,
"Which, toss'd on seas, thou shalt at last erect:"
Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire,
Mean-while the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far; (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house) approaching still more near,
The clash of arms and voice of men we hear.
Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
The houses' tops, and list'ning there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds' conspiring force
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents' raging course

ears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,
And mocks the ploughman's toil, th' unlook'd-for noise,
From neighb'ring hills th' amazed shepherd hears;
Such my surprise, and such their rage appears.
First fell thy house, Ucalegon! then thine
Deïphobus! Sigæan seas did shine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets' dreadful sound
The louder groans of dying men confound. [sound
Give me my arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw
Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:
Rage, anger, and despair, at once suggest,
That of all deaths to die in arms was best.
The first I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' priest,
Who, 'scaping with his gods and relicks, fled,
And t'wards the shore his little grandchild led.
Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what place
Made good? but, sighing, he replies, "Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the last period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power
Incensed Jove transfers to Grecian hands:
The foe within the burning town commands,
And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse:
Insulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thousands more than e'er from Argos came

ross the gates, the passes, and the streets,
d these the sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
guard nor fights nor flies; their fate so near,
once suspends their courage and their fear."
up by the gods, and by Atrides' words
gu'd, I make my way thro' fire, thro' swords,
ere noises, tumults, outcries, and alarms,
ard. First Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
meet who knew us; (for the moon did shine)
en Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
eir force, and young Chorœbus, Mygdon's son,
o by the love of fair Cassandra won,
riv'd but lately in her father's aid;
happy, whom the threats could not dissuade
his prophetic spouse;
om when I saw, yet daring to maintain
e fight, I said, Brave spirits! (but in vain)
you resolv'd to follow one who dares
npt all extremes? The state of our affairs
u see: the gods have left us, by whose aid
r empire stood; nor can the flame be stay'd:
en let us fall amidst our foes. This one
ief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none.
en reinforc'd, as in a stormy night
olves, urged by their raging appetite,
age for prey, which their neglected young
th greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among

Foes, fire, and swords, [illegible]
Darkness our guide, Despair our leader was.
Who can relate that ev'ning's woes and spoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city which so long had flourish'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houses, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom;
Their hearts at last the vanquish'd re-assume,
And now the victors fall: on all sides fears,
Groans, and pale Death, in all her shapes appears.
Androgeus first with his whole troop was cast
Upon us, with civility misplac'd,
Thus greeting us; "You lose, by your delay,
"Your share both of the honour and the prey:
"Others the spoils of burning Troy convey
"Back to those ships which you but now forsake."
We making no return, his sad mistake
Too late he finds: as when an unseen snake
A traveller's unwary foot hath prest,
Who trembling starts, when the snake's azure crest,
Swoln with his rising anger, he espies,
So from our view surpris'd Androgeus flies:
But here an easy victory we meet;
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
Whilst fortune our first enterprise did aid,
Encourag'd with success, Chorœbus said,
"O friends! we now by better Fates are led,
"And the fair path they lead us let us tread.

" First change your arms, and their distinctions borrow;
" The same in foes deceit and virtue are."
Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,
His sword, his shield, he takes, and plumed crests;
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest: all glad
Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
Thus mix'd with Greeks, as if their fortune still
Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.
Some re-ascend the horse, and he whose sides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire;
But vain's that hope 'gainst which the gods conspire.
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Cassandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine
Dragg'd by the hair, casting t'wards heav'n, in vain,
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did strain:
Chorœbus at the spectacle enrag'd
Flies in amidst the foes: we thus engag'd
To second him, among the thickest ran:
Here first our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a shower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans slew.
Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,
And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men;
As winds that meet from sev'ral coasts contest,
Their prisons being broke, the south and west,

And Eurus on his winged coursers borne,
Triumphing in their speed, the woods are torn,
And chasing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from their bottom: then all those
Who in the dark our fury did escape
Returning, know our borrow'd arms and shape,
And diff'ring dialect: then their numbers swell
And grow upon us. First Chorœbus fell
Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends: nor thee, Pantheus! thy piety
Nor consecrated mitre from the same
Ill fate could save. My country's fun'ral flame,
And Troy's cold ashes, I attest and call
To witness for myself, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did and deserv'd no less my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias,
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound.
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the rest secure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets cast
Over their heads; some scaling ladders plac'd

Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement: on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; such arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down; and now against the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd:
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king her little son
She would present) thro' this we pass, and run
Up to the highest battlement from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tow'r so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof from whence we could descry
All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet:
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen; which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud;
But others still succeed. Mean-time nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease.
Before the gate in gilded armour shone
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,

Who, fed on pois'nous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Fresh, in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
And lifts his scaly breast against the sun:
With him his father's squire Automedon,
And Peripas, who drove his winged steeds,
Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds
Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof: Pyrrhus himself among
The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
Thro' beams of solid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs sat.
At the first gate an armed guard appears,
But th' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the women's shrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the skies;
Sad matrons wand'ring thro' the spacious rooms,
Embrace and kiss the posts: then Pyrrhus comes;
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force sustain: the torn portcullis falls;
Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find they force.
Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows,
Above his banks th' opposing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
Shepherds, and folds, the foaming surges sweep.

nd now between two sad extremes I stood,
ere Pyrrhus and th' Atridæ drunk with blood,
here th' hapless queen amongst an hundred dames,
nd Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
/hich his own hands had on the altar laid:
hen they the secret cabinets invade
/here stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
f that great race: the golden posts, whose tops
ld hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
r to the foe or to the fire a prey.
ow Priam's fate perhaps you may inquire.
eing his empire lost, his Troy on fire.
nd his own palace by the Greeks possest,
rms long disus'd his trembling limbs invest;
hus on his foes he throws himself alone,
ot for their fate but to provoke his own.
here stood an altar open to the view
f heav'n, near which an aged laurel grew,
/hose shady arms the household gods embrac'd,
efore whose feet the queen herself had cast
/ith all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
s doves whom an approaching tempest drives,
nd frights into one flock; but having spy'd
ld Priam clad in youthful arms, she cry'd,
Alas! my wretched husband! what pretence
To bear those arms! and in them what defence?
Such aid such times require not, when again
If Hector were alive he liv'd in vain:

Then, weeping, with him ...
And on the secret seat the king she plac ...
Mean-while Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Thro' foes and swords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
The king (tho' him so many deaths inclose)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows:
"The gods requite thee: (if within the care
"Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)
"Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
"Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen.
"Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be
"Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
"He blush'd when I the rights of arms implor'd
"To me my Hector, me to Troy, restor'd."
This said, his feeble arm a jav'lin flung,
Which on the sounding shield, scarce ent'ring, run
Then Pyrrhus; "Go a messenger to hell
"Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
"The acts of his degen'rate race." So thro'
His son's warm blood the trembling king he dre
To th' altar: in his hair one hand he wreaths,
His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.

s fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
h such a signal and peculiar fate,
er so vast a ruin, not a grave,
in such flames a fun'ral fire to have.
whom such titles swell'd, such pow'r made proud,
whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd;
the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
eadless carcass, and a nameless thing!

THE

'ASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

AVING at large declar'd Jove's embassy,
llenius from Æneas straight doth fly;
, loath to disobey the god's command,
r willing to forsake this pleasant land,
ham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
t more afraid to take a solemn leave,
many ways his lab'ring thoughts revolves,
t fear o'ercoming shame, at last resolves,
ıstructed by the god of Thieves *) to steal
mself away, and his escape conceal.
: calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
ıat at the port they privately should meet,
ıd some dissembled colour to project,
ıat Dido should not their design suspect:

* Mercury.

But all in vain he did his plot disguise;
No art a watchful lover can surprise.
She the first motion finds: love the most ware,
Yet always to itself seems unsecure.
That wicked fame which their first love proclaim'd
Foretells the end: the queen, with rage inflam'd,
Thus greets him. "Thou dissembler wouldst thou
"Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously?
"Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
"Nor thee the fate of dying Dido, move?
"And in the depth of winter, in the night,
"Dark as thy black designs, to take thy flight,
"To plough the raging seas to coasts unknown,
"The kingdom thou pretend'st to not thine own!
"Were Troy restor'd, thou shouldst mistrust a wind
"False as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.
"Fly'st thou from me? By these dear drops of brine
"I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,
"By our espousals, by our marriage-bed,
"If all my kindness aught have merited;
"If ever I stood fair in thy esteem,
"From ruin me and my lost house redeem.
"Cannot my pray'rs a free acceptance find?
"Nor my tears soften an obdurate mind?
"My fame of chastity, by which the skies
"I reach'd before, by thee extinguish'd dies.
"Into my borders now Iarbas falls,
"And my revengeful brother scales my walls;

" The wild Numidians will advantage take;
" For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forsake.
" Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me
" A young Æneas, who, resembling thee,
" Might in my sight have sported, I had then
" Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been;
" By thee, no more my husband, but my guest,
" Betray'd to mischiefs, of which death's the least."
With fixed looks he stands, and in his breast,
By Jove's command, his struggling care supprest.
" Great Queen! your favours and deserts so great,
" Tho' numberless, I never shall forget;
" No time, until myself I have forgot,
" Out of my heart Eliza's name shall blot:
" But my unwilling flight the gods enforce,
" And that must justify our sad divorce.
" Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit
" To my desires I might my fortune fit,
" Troy to her ancient splendour I would raise,
" And where I first began would end my days.
" But since the Lycian Lots and Delphic god
" Have destin'd Italy for our abode;
" Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enj
" Why should not Latium us receive from Tr
" As for my son, my father's angry ghost
" Tells me his hopes by my delays are crost.
" And mighty Jove's ambassador appear'd
" With the same message, whom I saw and he

" We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
" But much the more when all complaints are vain:
" I call to witness all the gods, and thy
" Beloved head, the coast of Italy
" Against my will I seek."

Whilst thus he speaks she rolls her sparkling eyes,
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies:
" Thy mother was no goddess, nor thy stock
" From Dardanus, but in some horrid rock,
" Perfidious wretch! rough Caucasus thee bred,
" And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.
" Dissimulation I shall now forget,
" And my reserves of rage in order set,
" Could all my pray'rs and soft entreaties force
" Sighs from his breast, or from his look remorse.
" Where shall I first complain? can mighty Jove
" Or Juno such impieties approve?
" The just Astrea sure is fled to hell,
" Nor more in earth nor heav'n itself will dwell.
" Oh, Faith! him on my coasts by tempest cast,
" Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd:
" His men from famine and his fleet from fire
" I rescu'd: now the Lycian Lots conspire
" With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy thro' the
" Brings dismal tidings, as if such low care
" Could reach their thoughts, or their repose dist
" Thou art a false impostor and a *fourbe*.
" *Go, go,* pursue thy kingdom thro' the mai
" *I hope,* if Heav'n her justice still retain,

" All cursed monuments of him with fire
" We must abolish, (so the gods require.")
She gives her credit for no worse effect
Than from Sichæus' death she did suspect,
And her commands obeys.
Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her blushing rays did spread.
The queen beheld, as soon as day appear'd,
The navy under sail, the haven clear'd:
Thrice with her hand her naked breast she knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.
" O Jove!" she cry'd, " and shall he thus delude
" Me and my realm? why is he not pursu'd?
" Arm, arm," she cry'd, " and let our Tyrians board
" With ours his fleet, and carry fire and sword;
" Leave nothing unattempted to destroy
" That perjur'd race, then let us die with joy.
" What if th' event of war uncertain were?
" Nor death nor danger can the desp'rate fear.
" But, oh, too late! this thing I should have done
" When first I plac'd the traitor on my throne.
" Behold the faith of him who sav'd from fire
" His honour'd household gods! his aged sire
" His pious shoulders from Troy's flames did bear.
" Why did I not his carcass piece-meal tear,
" And cast it in the sea? why not destroy
" All his companions, and beloved boy

" [illegible]
" Thou Sun [illegible]
" Surveys, and Juno! [illegible]
" Revengeful Furies! and Queen [illegible]
" Receive and grant my pray'r! If [illegible]
" Must needs escape, and reach th' [illegible]
" If Jove decree it, Jove's decree must stand,
" When landed may he be with arms opprest
" By his rebelling people, be distrest
" By exile from his country, be divorc'd
" From young Ascanius sight, and be enfor
" To implore foreign aids, and lose his frie
" By violent and undeserved ends!
" When to conditions of unequal peace
" He shall submit, then may he not posa
" Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
[illegible] Tyrians! with immortal
[illegible] service dedica

" Whilst that Gods and Fates give leave,
" Free me from care, and my glad soul receive.
" That date which Fortune gave I now must end,
" And to the shades a noble ghost descend.
" Sichæus' blood, by his false brother spilt,
" I have reveng'd, and a proud city built.
" Happy, alas! too happy, I had liv'd,
" Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd.
" But shall I die without revenge? yet die
" Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.
" My conscious foe my fun'ral fire shall view
" From sea, and may that omen him pursue!"
Her fainting hand let fall the sword besmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd.
Thro' all the court the fright and clamours rise,
Which the whole city fills with fears and cries
As loud as if her Carthage or old Tyre
The foe had enter'd, and had set on fire.
Amazed Anne with speed ascends the stairs,
And in her arms her dying sister rears:
" Did you for this yourself and me beguile?
" For such an end did I erect this pile?

" Did you so much despise me, in this fate
" Myself with you not to associate?
" Yourself and me, alas! this fatal wound
" The senate and the people doth confound.
" I'll wash her wound with tears, and at her de
" My lips from her's shall draw her parting brea
Then with her vest the wound she wipes and d
Thrice with her arm the Queen attempts to ris
But her strength failing, falls into a swoon,
Life's last efforts yet striving with her wound
Thrice on her bed she turns, with wand'ring
Seeking, she groans when she beholds the light.
Then Juno, pitying her disastrous fate,
Sends Iris down her pangs to mitigate.
(Since if we fall before th' appointed day
Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
Iris descends; " This fatal lock (says she)
" To Pluto I bequeath, and set thee free;"
Then clips her hair: cold numbness straight ben
Her corpse of sense, and th' air her soul receive

SARPEDON's SPEECH TO GLAUC

IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

THUS to Glaucus spake
Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find
Others as great in place as great in mind.
Above the rest why is our pomp, our pow'r
Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions mor

Why all the tributes land and sea affords,
Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards?
Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their ears.
Why as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We stand the first; that when our Licians see
Our brave examples, they admiring say,
Behold our gallant leaders! these are they
Deserve the greatness, and unenvy'd stand,
Since what they act transcends what they command.
Could the declining of this fate (oh, friend!)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death sought not them who seek not death
Would I advance? or should my vainer breath
With such a glorious folly thee inspire?
But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,
Since age, disease, or some less noble end,
Tho' not less certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread,
And bravely on till they, or we, or all,
A common sacrifice to honour fall.

EPIGRAM. FROM MARTIAL.

PR'YTHEE die and set me free,
Or else be
Kind, and brisk, and gay, like me:

I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or sharp replies;
If wise thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartee, repartee
To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room so dark?
Not a spark
Left to light me to the mark:
I love daylight and a candle,
And to see, and to see
As well as handle.

Why so many bolts and locks,
Coats and smocks,
And those drawers, with a pox?
I could wish, could Nature make it,
Nakedness, nakedness
Itself were naked.

But if a mistress I must have
Wise and grave,
Let her so herself behave;
All the day long Susan civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or such a devil.

CATO MAJOR.

TO THE READER.

I CAN neither call this piece Tully's nor my own, being much altered from the original, not only by the change of the style, but by addition and subtraction. I believe you will be better pleased to receive it, as I did, at the first sight; for to me Cicero did not so much appear to write, as Cato to speak; and, to do right to my author, I believe no character of any person was ever better drawn to the life than this. Therefore neither consider Cicero nor me, but Cato himself who being then raised from the dead to speak the language of that age and place, neither the distance of place or time makes it less possible to raise him now to speak ours.

Though I dare not compare my copy with the original, yet you will find it mentioned here how much fruits are improved by grafting; and here, by grafting verse upon prose, some of these severer arguments may receive a more mild and pleasant taste.

Cato says (in another place) of himself, that he learned to speak Greek between the seventieth and eightieth year of his age; beginning that so late, he may not yet be too old to learn English, being now but between his seventeenth and eighteenth hundred year. For these reasons I shall leave to this piece no other name than what the author gave it, of Cato Major.

reason, having intended to translate t
prose; (where translation ought to be
the matter very proper for verse, I took
leave out what was only necessary to
place, and to take or add what was pro
sent age and occasion, by laying his ser
in fewer words, according to the style a
times. The three first parts I dedic
friends, to take off those melancholy refl
the sense of age, infirmity, and death m
The last part I think necessary for the
those many who believe not, or at least
immortality of the soul, of which the Sc
only positively as a lawgiver, with an
it may be, they neither believe that,

CATO MAJOR OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO.

THO' all the actions of your life are crown'd
With wisdom, nothing makes them more renown'd
Than that those years, which others think extreme,
Nor to yourself nor us uneasy seem,
Under which weight most like th' old giants groan,
When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CAT. What you urge, Scipio, from right reason
All parts of Age seem burthensome to those [flows;
Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness
Cannot discern; but they who those possess,
In what's impos'd by Nature find no grief,
Of which our Age is (next our death) the chief,
Which tho' all equally desire t' obtain,
Yet when they have obtain'd it they complain:
Such our inconstancies and follies are,
We say it steals upon us unaware.
Our want of reas'ning these false measures makes;
Youth runs to Age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our lives appear
To reach th' eighth hundred than the eightieth year?
Of what in that long space of time hath past
To foolish Age will no remembrance last.
My Age's conduct when you seem t' admire,
(Which that it may deserve I much desire)

'Tis my first rule on Nature, as my guide
Appointed by the gods, I have reply'd;
And Nature, which all acts of life designs,
Not, like ill poets, in the last declines:
But some one part must be the last of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot or fall;
And this from Nature must be gently borne,
Else her (as giants did the gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But, Sir, 'tis Scipio's and my desire,
Since to long life we gladly would aspire,
That from your grave instructions we might hear
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you,

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young instruct,
Your long our short experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true, (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.
Two consuls *, (who in years my equals were)
When senators, lamenting I did hear
That Age from them had all their pleasures torn,
And them their former suppliants now scorn.
They what is not to be accus'd accuse;
Not others but themselves their Age abuse;
Else this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whose cheerful Age with honour youth attends,

* Caius Salinator, Spurius Albinus.

Joy'd that from pleasure's slav'ry they are free,
And all respects due to their Age they see
In its true colours; this complaint appears
The ill effect of manners not of years;
For on their life no grievous burthen lies
Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise;
But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind
Not any easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute
Their Age (as yours) can never bear such fruit
Of honour, wealth and pow'r, to make them sweet;
Not ev'ry one such happiness can meet.

CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius,
But not so much as at first sight appears. [bears,
This answer by Themistocles was made,
(When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,
"You those great honours to your country owe,
"Not to yourself)"—"Had I at Seripho *
"Been born, such honour I had never seen,
"Nor you, if an Athenian you had been."
So Age, cloth'd in indecent poverty,
To the most prudent cannot easy be;
But to a fool the greater his estate
The more uneasy is his Age's weight.
Age's chief arts and arms are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and known to exercise:
All just returns to Age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forsakes.

* *An isle* to which condemned men were banished.

Is consec[illegible]
I (when a youth) w[illegible]
On Quintus Fabius, who Ta[illegible]
Yet in his age such cheerfulness[illegible]
As if his years and mine had equall[illegible]
His gravity was mix'd with gentleness,
Nor had his Age made his good humour less:
Then was he well in years, (the same that he
Was consul that of my nativity)
(A stripling then) in his fourth consulate
On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
I five years after at Tarentum wan
The Quæstorship, and then our love begar
And four years after, when I Prætor was,
He pleaded, and the Cincian law * did pa
With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,
[illegible]ith the temp'rate arts of patient A
[illegible]annibal's insulting h
[illegible]nd Enniu

The Argument.

When I reflect on Age, I find there are
Four causes, which its misery declare.
1. Because our body's strength it much impairs:
2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs:
3. Next that our sense of pleasure it deprives:
4. Last that approaching death intrudes our lives.
Of all these several causes I'll discourse,
And then of each, in order, weigh the force.

THE FIRST PART.

THE old from such affairs is only freed
Which vig'rous youth and strength of body need;
But to more high affairs our Age is lent,
Most properly when heats of youth are spent.
Did Fabius and your father Scipio
(Whose daughter my son married) nothing do?
Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii,
Whose courage, counsel, and authority,
The Roman commonwealth restor'd, did boast,
Nor Appius, with whose strength his sight was lost,
Who, when the Senate was to peace inclin'd
With Pyrrhus, shew'd his reason was not blind.
Whither's our courage and our wisdom come,
When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome?
The rest with ancient gravity and skill
He spake; (for his oration 's extant still.)
'Tis seventeen years since he had Consul been
The second time; and there were ten between;
Therefore their argument's of little force,
Who age from great employments would divorce.

As in a ship some climb the shrouds, t' unfold
The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the hold,
Whilst he that guides the helm employs his skill,
And gives the law to them by sitting still;
Great actions less from courage, strength and speed,
Than from wise counsel and commands proceed.
Those Arts age wants not which to Age belong;
Not heat but cold experience makes us strong.
A Consul, Tribune, General, I have been,
All sorts of war I have pass'd thro' and seen;
And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,
Yet to the senate I prescribe what's fit.
I ev'ry day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,
(For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim)
Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,
Which triumph may the gods design for thee;
That Scipio may revenge his grandsire's ghost,
Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost
Is on record; nor had he weary'd been
With Age if he an hundred years had seen:
He had not us'd excursions, spears, or darts,
But counsel, order, and such aged arts;
Which if our ancestors had not retain'd,
The Senate's name our council had not gain'd.
The Spartans to their highest magistrate
The name of Elder did appropriate:
Therefore his fame for ever shall remain,
How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,

With vigilant conduct: when that sharp reply
He gave to Salinator I stood by,
Who to the castle fled, the town being lost,
Yet he to Maximus did vainly boast
'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
'Tis true, had you not lost I had not gain'd.
And as much honour on his gown did wait
As on his arms, in his fifth consulate.
When his colleague Carvilius stept aside,
The Tribune of the people would divide
To them the Gallic and the Picene field;
Against the Senate's will he will not yield;
When, being angry, boldly he declares
Those things were acted under happy stars,
From which the commonwealth found good effects
But otherwise they came from bad aspects.
Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
But his son's death did all the rest excel;
(His gallant son, tho' young, had Consul been)
His funeral oration I have seen
Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
I all the old philosophers despise.
Tho' he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
When feasting with his private friends at home,
Such counsel, such discourse from him did come,
Such science in his art of augury,
No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;

Knowledge of all things present and to come,
Rememb'ring all the wars of ancient Rome,
Nor only there, but all the world's beside:
Dying in extreme Age I prophesy'd
That which is come to pass, and did discern
From his survivors I could nothing learn.
This long discourse was but to let you see
That his long life could not uneasy be.
Few like the Fabii or the Scipios are
Takers of cities, conquerors in war:
Yet others to like happy Age arrive,
Who modest, quiet, and with virtue live.
Thus Plato writing his philosophy,
With honour after ninety years did die.
Th' Athenian story writ at ninety four
By Isocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
His master Gorgias at the hundreth year
And seventh not his studies did forbear?
And, ask'd why he no sooner left the stage?
Said he saw nothing to accuse old Age.
None but the foolish who their lives abuse,
Age of their own mistakes and crimes accuse.
All commonwealths (as by records is seen)
As by Age preserv'd, by youth destroy'd, have been
When the tragedian Nævius did demand,
Why did your commonwealth no longer stand?
'Twas answer'd that their senators were new,
Foolish and young, and such as nothing knew.

re to youth hot rashness doth dispense,
vith cold prudence Age doth recompence.
Age, 'tis said, will memory decay;
if it be not exercis'd) it may;
by Nature it be dull and slow.
nistocles (when ag'd) the names did know
il th' Athenians; and none grow so old
:o remember where they hid their gold.
ı Age such art of memory we learn,
or.get nothing which is our concern:
r interest no priest nor sorcerer
ets, nor lawyer nor philosopher:
nderstanding memory can want
re wisdom studious industry doth plant.
does it only in the active live,
in the quiet and contemplative.
n Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
by his sons before the judges bro ght,
use he paid the Muses such respect,
fortune, wife, and children to neglect;
ost condemn'd he mov'd the judges thus,
ar, but instead of me, my Oedipus."
judges hearing with applause, at th' end
him, and said, "No fool such lines had penn'd."
ı poets and what orators can I
ınt, what princes in philosophy,
se constant studies with their Age did strive?
did they those, tho' those did them, survive.

Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;
For never any man was yet so old
But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
Cæcilius vainly said, "Each day we spend
"Discovers something which must needs offend
But sometimes Age may pleasant things behold,
And nothing that offends. He should have told
This not to Age, but youth, who oft'ner see
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we.
That I in him which he in Age condemn'd,
That us it renders odious and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue if he thought this truth;
For youth delights in Age, and Age in youth.
What to the old can greater pleasure be
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see,
When they with rev'rence follow where we lead,
And in straight paths by our directions tread!
And ev'n my conversation here I see
As well receiv'd by you as your's by me.
'Tis disingenuous to accuse our Age
Of idleness, who all our pow'rs engage
In the same studies, the same course to hold,
Nor think our reason for new arts too old.
Solon, the sage, his progress never ceas'd,
But still his learning with his days increas'd;
And I with the same greediness did seek,
As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek;

Which I did only learn that I might know
Those great examples which I follow now:
And I have heard that Socrates the wise
Learn'd on the lute for his last exercise.
Tho' many of the Ancients did the same,
To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

Now into our second grievance I must break,
"That loss of strength makes understanding weak."
I grieve no more my youthful strength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
Then with that force content which Nature gave,
Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.
When the young wrestlers at their sport grew warm,
Old Milo wept to see his naked arm,
And cry'd 'twas dead. Trifler! thine heart and head,
And all that's in them, (not thy arm) are dead:
This folly ev'ry looker-on derides,
To glory only in thy arms and sides.
Our gallant ancestors let fall no tears,
Their strength decreasing by increasing years;
But they advanc'd in wisdom ev'ry hour,
And made the commonwealth advance in pow'r.
But orators may grieve, for in their sides,
Rather than heads, their faculty abides;

Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
And still my own sometimes the Senate hear.
When th' old with smooth and gentle voices plead,
They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead;
Which if I had not strength enough to do,
I could (my Lælius and my Scipio!)
What's to be done or not be done instruct,
And to the maxims of good life conduct.
Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
Of men) your grandsire, the great African,
Were joyful when the flow'r of noble blood
Crowded their dwellings, and attending stood,
Like oracles their counsels to receive,
How in their progress they should act and live.
And they whose high examples youth obeys
Are not despised tho' their strength decays;
And those decays (to speak the naked truth,
Tho' the defects of Age) were crimes of youth.
Intemp'rate youth (by sad experience found)
Ends in an Age imperfect and unsound.
Cyrus, tho' ag'd, (if Xenophon say true)
Lucius Metellus, (whom when young I knew)
Who held (after his second consulate)
Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
Neither of these, in body or in mind,
Before their death the least decay did find.
I speak not of myself, tho' none deny
To Age to praise their youth the liberty;

Such an unwasted strength I cannot boast,
Yet now my years are eighty-four almost:
And tho' from what it was my strength is far,
Both in the first and second Punic war;
Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
Nor when I Consul into Spain did go;
But yet I feel no weakness, nor hath length
Of winters quite enervated my strength;
And I my guest, my client, or my friend,
Still in the courts of justice can defend:
Neither must I that proverb's truth allow,
"Who would be ancient must be early so."
I would be youthful still, and find no need
To appear old till I was so indeed.
And yet you see my hours not idle are,
Tho' with your strength I cannot mine compare:
Yet this Centurion's doth your's surmount;
Not therefore him the better man I count.
Milo, when ent'ring the Olympic game,
With a huge ox upon his shoulder came:
Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind?
The force which Nature gives with care retain,
But when decay'd 'tis folly to complain.
In Age to wish for youth is full as vain
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain Nature's ways appear,
As she sets forth the seasons of the year:

So in all parts of life we find her truth,
Weakness to childhood, rashness to our youth;
To elder years to be discreet and grave,
Then to old Age maturity she gave,
(Scipio) you know how Massinissa bears
His Kingly port at more than ninety years;
When marching with his foot he walks till night,
When with this horse he never will alight;
Tho' cold or wet his head is always bare;
So hot, so dry, his aged members are.
You see how exercise and temperance
Ev'n to old years a youthful strength advance.
Our law (because from Age our strength retires)
No duty which belongs to strength requires.
But Age doth many men so feeble make,
That they no great design can undertake;
Yet that to Age not singly is apply'd,
But to all man's infirmities beside.
That Scipio who adopted you did fall
Into such pains he had no health at all,
Who else had equall'd Africanus' parts,
Exceeding him in all the liberal arts.
Why should those errors then imputed be
To Age alone, from which our youth's not free?
Ev'ry disease of Age we may prevent,
Like those of youth, by being diligent.
When sick, such moderate exercise we use,
And diet as our vital heat renews;

And if our bodies thence refreshment finds,
Then must we also exercise our minds.
If with continual oil we not supply
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die.
Tho' bodies may be tir'd with exercise,
No weariness the mind could e'er surprise.
Cæcilius, the comedian, when of Age
He represents the follies on the stage,
They're credulous, forgetful, dissolute;
Neither those crimes to Age he doth impute,
But to old men, to whom those crimes belong.
Lust, petulence, rashness, are in youth more strong
Than Age, and yet young men those vices hate
Who virtuous are, discreet, and temperate:
And so what we call dotage seldom breeds
In bodies but where Nature sow'd the seeds.
There are five daughters and four gallant sons
In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
With a most num'rous family beside,
Whom he alone, tho' old and blind, did guide:
Yet his clear-sighted mind was still intent,
And to his bus'ness, like a bow, stood bent:
By children, servants, neighbours, so esteem'd,
He not a master but a monarch seem'd.
All his relations his admirers were;
His sons paid rev'rence, and his servants fear:
The order and the ancient discipline
Of Romans did in all his actions shine.

Authority kept up, old Age sustained
Whose dignity as long as life endures
Something of youth I in old Age approve
But more the marks of Age in youth I love
Who this observes may in his body find
Decrepit Age, but never in his mind
The seven volumes of my own records
Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts
All noble monuments of Greece are come
Unto my hands, with those of ancient Rome.
The Pontifical and the Civil law
I study still, and thence orations draw
And, to confirm my memory, at night
What I hear, see, or do, by day, I still recite.
These exercises for my thoughts I find;
These labours are the chariots of my mind.
To serve my friends the senate I frequent,
And there what I before digested vent;
Which only from my strength of mind proceeds,
Not any outward force of body needs;
Which if I could not do, I should delight
On what I would to ruminate at night.
Who in such practices their minds engage,
Nor fear nor think of their approaching Age;
Which by degrees invisibly doth creep,
Nor do we seem to die but fall asleep.

THE THIRD PART.

Now must I draw my forces 'gainst that host
Of pleasures which i' th' sea of Age are lost.
O thou most high transcendent gift of Age!
Youth from its folly thus to disengage,
And now receive from me that most divine
Oration of that noble Tarentine*,
Which at Tarentum I long since did hear,
When I attended the great Fabius there.
Ye Gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd bait?
Which he, with all designs of art or pow'r,
Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
And as all poisons seek the noblest part,
Pleasure possesses first the head and heart;
Intoxicating both by them, she finds,
And burns the sacred temples of our minds.
Furies, which reason's divine chains had bound,
(That being broken) all the world confound;
Lust, Murder, Treason, Avarice, and hell
Itself broke loose, in Reason's palace dwell:
Truth, Honour, Justice, Temperance, are fled,
All her attendants into darkness led.
But why all this discourse? when pleasure's rage
Hath conquer'd reason, we must treat with Age.
Age undermines, and will in time surprise
Her strongest forts, and cut off all supplies;

* *Archytas*, much praised by Horace.

And, join'd in league with strong Necessity,
Pleasure must fly, or else by famine die.
Flaminius, whom a consulship had grac'd,
(Then Censor) from the Senate I displac'd:
When he in Gaul, a Consul, made a feast,
A beauteous courtezan did him request
To see the cutting off a pris'ner's head;
This crime I could not leave unpunished,
Since by a private villany he stain'd
That public honour which at Rome he gain'd.
Then to our Age (when not to pleasures bent)
This seems an honour, not disparagement.
We not all pleasures like the Stoics hate,
But love and seek those which are moderate.
(Tho' divine Plato thus of Pleasures thought,
They us with hooks and baits like fishes caught.)
When Quæstor, to the gods in public halls
I was the first who set up festivals:
Not with high tastes our appetites did force,
But fill'd with conversation and discourse;
Which feasts Convivial Meetings we did name;
Not like the ancient Greeks, who to their shame
Call'd it a Compotation, not a feast,
Declaring the worst part of it the best.
Those entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment:
But now I thank my Age, which gives me ease
From those excesses; yet myself I please

With cheerful talk to entertain my guests,
(Discourses are to Age continual feasts)
The love of meat and wine they recompence,
And cheer the wind as much as those the sense.
I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young;
Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,
To which, in Age, some nat'ral motions are:
And still at my Sabinum I delight
To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
But we the sense of gust and pleasure want,
Which youth at full possesses; this I grant:
But Age seeks not the things which youth requires
And no man needs that which he not desires.
When Sophocles was ask'd if he deny'd
Himself the use of pleasures? he reply'd,
"I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
"From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free."
But they whom pressing appetites constrain
Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.
Young men the use of pleasure understand,
As of an object new, and near at hand:
Tho' this stands more remote from Age's sight,
Yet they behold it not without delight:
As ancient soldiers, from their duties eas'd,
With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd;
So from ambitious hopes and lusts releast,
Delighted with itself our Age doth rest.

No part of life's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge, and new learning fed;
All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease;
But those of Age, ev'n with our years increase.
We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd;
But free from surfeits our repose is found.
When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
Ambassador from Rome to Pyrrhus sent,
He heard a grave philosopher maintain
That all the actions of our life were vain
Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd;
Fabricius the philosopher desir'd
That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach,
Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,
Whom their own pleasures overcame before.
Now into rustic matters I must fall,
Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all.
Age no impediment to those can give,
Who wisely by the rules of Nature live.
Earth (tho' our mother) cheerfully obeys
All the commands her race upon her lays;
For whatsoever from our hand she takes,
Greater or less, a vast return she makes.
Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource,
But with her ways, her method, and her force.
The seed her bosom (by the plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly she embraces it;

Which with her genuine warmth diffus'd and spread,
Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment,
Which from the root thro' nerves and veins are sent;
Straight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,
And, form receiving, doth itself disclose:
Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes
Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.
When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd:
At Nature's godlike pow'r I stand amaz'd,
Which such vast bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
Can clothe a mountain, and o'ershade a plain:
But thou, dear Vine! forbidd'st me to be long,
Altho' thy trunk be neither large nor strong;
Nor can thy head (not help'd) itself sublime,
Yet, like a serpent, at all tree can climb:
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine
Proves thy support, and all its strength is thine:
Tho' Nature gave not legs it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the proudest cedar stands:
As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,
And to the highest part of mortal springs.
But lest thou shouldst consume thy wealth in vain,
And starve thyself to feed a num'rous train,
Or like the bee, (sweet as thy blood) design'd
To be destroy'd to propagate his kind.

Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice
Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce,
The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must quench
Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench:
Then from the joints of thy prolific stem
A swelling knot is raised, (call'd, a gem)
Whence in short space itself the cluster shows,
And from earth's moisture mix'd with sun-beams
I' th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste, [grows.
But summer doth, like Age, the sourness waste;
Then cloth'd with leaves, from heat and cold secure,
Like virgins, sweet and beauteous, when mature.
On fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, I long could
At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell. [dwell,
My walks of trees all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting stand.
To tell the sev'ral natures of each earth,
What fruits from each most properly take birth;
And with what arts to enrich ev'ry mould,
The dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly meliorate.
As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,
From the sour crab the sweetest apple came:
The mother to the daughter goes to school,
The species changed, doth her laws o'er-rule.
Nature herself doth from herself depart
(*Strange* transmigration!) by the pow'r of art.

little things give law to great! we see
mall bud captivates the greatest tree.
v'n the pow'r divine we imitate,
eem not to beget, but to create.
was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the tame
od and profit, and the wild for game.
e me when this pleasant string I touch,
Age of what delights it speaks too much.)
:wice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
abines and the Samnites captive led,
Curius! his remaining days did spend,
n this happy life his triumphs end.
irm stands near, and when I there retire,
d that age's temper I admire.
amnites' chiefs, as by his fire he sat,
a vast sum of gold on him did wait;
irn," said he "your gold I nothing weigh,
en those who can command it me obey."
ny assertion proves he may be old,
et not sordid, who refuses gold.
nmer to sit still, or walk, I love,
cool fountain, or a shady grove.
can in Winter render more delight
the high sun at noon and fire at night?
our old friends and neighbours feast and play,
vith their harmless mirth turn night to day,
chas'd plenty our full tables loads,
art of what they lent return t' our gods.

That honour and authority which dwells
With Age, all pleasures of our youth excels.
Observe that I that Age have only prais'd
Whose pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,
And that (for which I great applause receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been since believ'd.
That most unhappy Age great pity needs,
Which to defend itself new matter pleads.
Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our Age those happy fruits present.
Those things to Age most honourable are
Which easy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, consulting, compliment, resort,
Crowding attendance to and from the court:
And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd states.
Lysander pleading in his city's praise,
From thence his strongest argument did raise,
That Sparta did with honour Age support,
Paying them just respect at stage and court:
But at proud Athens youth did Age outface,
Nor at the plays would rise or give them place.
When an Athenian stranger of great Age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the stage,
To him the whole assembly rose, and ran
To place and ease this old and reverend man,

Who thus his thanks returns, "'Th' Athenians know
"What's to be done; but what they know not do."
Here our great Senate's orders I may quote,
The first in Age is still the first in vote.
Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command,
In competition with great years may stand.
Why should our youth's short transient pleasures dare
With Age's lasting honours to compare?
On the world's stage, when our applause grows high,
For acting here life's tragic comedy,
The lookers-on will say we act not well,
Unless the last the former scenes excel.
But Age is froward, uneasy, scrutinous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parsimonious.
But all those errors from our manners rise,
Not from our years; yet some morosities
We must expect, since jealousy belongs
To Age, of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs:
Yet those are mollify'd, or not discern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins' humours, in our Terence*, are
Unlike, this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine;
Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine;
So Age's gravity may seem severe,
But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.

* In his comedy called Adelphi.

Of Age's avarice I cannot see
What colour, ground, or reason, there should be:
Is it not folly when the way we ride
Is short for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice some title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the spring had sown;
And, with the providence of bees or ants,
Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants:
But Age scarce sows till Death stands by to reap,
And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap:
Afraid to be so once, she's always poor
And to avoid a mischief makes it sure.
Such madness as for fear of death to die,
Is to be poor for fear of poverty.

THE FOURTH PART.

Now against (that which terrifies our Age)
The last and greatest grievance we engage;
To her grim death appears in all her shapes,
The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surpris'd,
Which either should be wish'd for or despis'd:
This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;
That, if our souls a second life enjoy.
What else is to be fear'd, when we shall gain
Eternal life, or have no sense of pain?
The youngest in the morning are not sure
That till the night their life they can secure;
Their Age stands more expos'd to accidents
Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:

Death's force (with terror) against Nature strives,
Nor one of many to ripe Age arrives.
From this ill fate the world's disorders rise,
For if all men were old they would be wise.
Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws and into cities brought.
Why only should the fear of death belong
To Age, which is as common to the young?
Your hopeful brothers, and my son, to you,
Scipio, and me, this maxim makes too true.
But vig'rous youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many years, which Age must not expect.
But when he sees his airy hopes deceiv'd,
With grief he says, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they who but desir'd
To possess that which we long since acquir'd.
What if our Age to Nestor's could extend?
'Tis vain to think that lasting which must end;
And when 'tis past, not any part remains
Thereof but the reward which virtue gains.
Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is past nor what's to come we know.
Our date, how short soe'er, must us content.
When a good actor doth his part present,
In ev'ry act he our attention draws,
That at the last he may find just applause;
So tho' but short, yet we must learn the art
Of virtue on this stage to act our part.

True wisdom must our actions so direct,
Not only the last plaudit to expect;
Yet grieve no more, tho' long that part should last,
Than husbandmen because the spring is past.
The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe and fit for use:
So Age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
All things which Nature did ordain are good,
And so must be receiv'd and understood.
Age, like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits untimely crops:
The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires;
But Age unforc'd falls by her own consent,
As coals to ashes, when the spirit's spent:
Therefore to death I with such joy resort,
As seamen from a tempest to their port:
Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,
Before our pilot, Nature, steers our course.
Let us the causes of our fear condemn,
Then Death at his approach we shall contemn.
Tho' to our heat of youth our Age seems cold,
Yet when resolv'd it is more brave and bold.
Thus Solon to Pisistratus reply'd,
Demanded on what succour he rely'd
When with so few he boldly did engage?
He said he took his courage from his Age.

Then death seems welcome, and our nature kind,
When, leaving us a perfect sense and mind,
She (like a workman in his science skill'd)
Pulls down with ease what her own hand did build.
That art which knew to join all parts in one
Makes the least violent separation.
Yet tho' our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We must not force them till themselves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our station stand,
Till God, our general, shall us dishand.
Wise Solon dying, wish'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he still might live;
Yet wiser Ennius gave command to all
His friends not to bewail his funeral.
Your tears for such a death in vain you spend,
Which straight in immortality shall end.
In death if there be any sense of pain,
But a short space to Age it will remain;
On which, without my fears, my wishes wait,
But tim'rous youth on this should meditate.
Who for light pleasure this advice rejects,
Finds little when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (tho' not its certain date) we know,
Nor whether it may be this night or no.
How then can they contented live who fear
A danger certain, and none knows how near?
They err who for the fear of death dispute,
Our gallant actions this mistake confute.

Thee, Brutus! Rome's first martyr I must name
The Curtii bravely div'd the gulf of flame;
Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save
That faith which to his barb'rous foes he gave:
With the two Scipios did thy uncle fall.
Rather than fly from conqu'ring Hannibal:
The great Marcellus (who restored Rome)
His greatest foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew.
Must then the wise, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd forbear
Satiety from all things else doth come,
Then life must to itself grow wearisome.
Those trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite;
And from those gaieties our youth requires
To exercise their minds, our Age retires;
And when the last delights of Age shall die,
Life in itself will find satiety.
Now you, my friends, my sense of death shall hear
Which I can well describe, for he stands near.
Your father, Lælius, and your's, Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know:
As certainly as we must die, they live
That life which justly may that name receive:
Till from these prisons of our flesh releas'd,
Our souls with heavy burdens lie oppress'd;

Which part of man from heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyss, doth hide and drown,
A place so dark to the celestial light
And pure eternal fire's quite opposite.
The gods thro' human bodies did disperse
An heav'nly soul to guide this universe,
That man, when he of heav'nly bodies saw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own dictates show,
But to the old philosophers I owe.
I heard Pythagoras, and those who came
With him, and from our country took their name
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from gods, in mortal breasts did shine.
Nor from my knowledge did the Ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd the hour he dy'd;
He th' immortality of souls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wisest nam'd.)
Why should we doubt of that whereof our sense
Finds demonstration from experience?
Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that's mortal can so swiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an instant all that's past collect.
Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature but immortal can impart.
Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause that motion owes;

And therefore that no end can overtake,
Because our minds cannot themselves forsake:
And since the matter of our soul is pure
And simple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts which not among themselves agree,
Therefore it never can divided be;
And Nature shews (without philosophy)
What cannot be divided cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy discern
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn;
Ere they can speak they find so many ways
To serve their turn, and see more arts than days:
Before their thoughts they plainly can express;
The words and things they know are numberless,
Which Nature only and no art could find,
But what she taught before she call'd to mind.
These to his sons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words:
" Fear not when I depart; (nor therefore mourn)
" I shall be now here, or to nothing turn:
" That soul which gave me life was seen by none,
" Yet by the actions it design'd was known;
" And tho' its flight no mortal eye shall see,
" Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
" That soul which can immortal glory give,
" To her own virtues must for ever live.
" Can you believe that man's all-knowing mind
" Can to a mortal body be confin'd?

no' a foul foolish prison her immure
i earth, she (when escap'd) is wise and pure.
an's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same
ith beasts, and must return from whence it came;
it whence into our bodies reason flows,
me sees it when it comes, or where it goes.
thing resembles death so much as sleep,
t then our minds themselves from slumber keep.
hen from their fleshly bondage they are free,
nen what divine and future things they see!
hich makes it most apparent whence they are,
nd what they shall hereafter be declare."
noble speech the dying Cyrus made.
Scipio, shall no argument persuade
grandsire, and his brother, to whom Fame
e, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world, their
thy great grandsire, nor thy father Paul, [name,
o fell at Cannæ against Hannibal:
I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
boast their actions) had so oft engag'd
attles, and in pleadings, had we thought
t only Fame our virtuous actions bought:
ere better in soft pleasure and repose
oriously our peaceful eyes to close:
e high assurance hath possess'd my mind,
r my death an happier life to find,
ess our souls from the immortals came,
at end have we to seek immortal fame?

All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,
Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.
The foolish and short-sighted die with fear
That they go no where, or they know not where.
The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,
Before she parts some happy port descries.
My friends, your fathers I shall surely see;
Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But such as before ours did end their days,
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praise.
This I believe; for were I on my way,
None should persuade me to return or stay.
Should some god tell me that I should be born
And cry again, his offer I would scorn;
Asham'd, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my first starting-place.
And since with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We should be either satisfy'd or cloy'd.
Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
As many wise and learn'd have done before;
Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,
Which for our country and our friends is spent.
Hence from an inn, not from my home, I pass,
Since Nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,
That peaceful and divine assembly see;
Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,
But my own gallant virtuous Cato meet.

Nor did I weep when I to ashes turn'd
His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.
I in my thoughts behold his soul ascend,
Where his fix'd hopes our interview attend.
Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief
From Age, which is of my delights the chief.
My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,
(That I man's soul immortal have believ'd)
And if I err, no pow'r shall dispossess
My thoughts of that expected happiness.
Tho' some minute philosophers pretend
That with our days our pains and pleasures end.
If it be so I hold the safer side,
For none of them my error shall deride;
And if hereafter no rewards appear,
Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.
If those who this opinion have despis'd,
And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,
Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
Too late will wish that me they had believ'd.
If souls no immortality obtain,
'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.
The same uneasiness which ev'ry thing
Gives to our nature life must also bring.
Good acts, if long, seem tedious; so is Age,
Acting too long upon this earth, her stage.
Thus much for Age, to which when you arrive,
That joy to you which it gives me 'twill give.

OF PRUDENCE.

PREFACE

TO THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATION.

GOING this last summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin original of this translation, which (being out of print) I had never seen before. When I looked upon it I saw that it had formerly passed through two learned hands, not without approbation, which were Ben. Johnson and Sir Kenelm Digby: but I found it (where I shall never find myself) in the service of a better master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more: for I love not to improve the honour of the living by impairing that of the dead; and my own profession hath taught me not to erect new superstructures upon an old ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English disguise, wherein an old Monk had clothed it, and to make as becoming a new vest for it as I could.

The author was a person of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since with the sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was contemporary to Petrarch and Mantuan, *and not long*

e Torquato Tasso, which shews that the 'hey lived in was not so unlearned as that h preceded or that which followed.
hor wrote upon the four cardinal virtues; but ve translated only the two first, not to turn the ess I intended to him into an injury; for the last are little more than repetitions and recit- f the first; and (to make a just excuse for they could not well be otherwise, since the last virtues are but descendants from the first, 'ence being the true mother of Temperance, and Fortitude the child of Justice.

OM's first progress is to take a view
decent or indecent, false or true.
ily prudent who can separate
from vile, and still adhere to that:
lifference to measure and to reach
well rectify'd must Nature teach;
ese high scrutinies are subjects fit
n's all-searching and inquiring wit;
earch of knowledge did from Adam flow;
rants it yet abhors his wants to show.
n of what herself approves makes choice,
led captive by the common voice.
ighted Reason Wisdom's judgment leads,
nse, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.
ou to Truth the perfect way may'st know,
: *all her specific forms* I'll show.

He that the way to honesty will learn,
First what's to be avoided must discern.
Thyself from flatt'ring self-conceit defend,
Nor what thou dost not know to know pretend.
Some secrets deep in abstruse darkness lie;
To search them thou wilt need a piercing eye;
Nor rashly therefore to such things assent,
Which undeceiv'd thou after may'st repent:
Study and time in these must thee instruct,
And others' old experience may conduct.
Wisdom herself her ear doth often lend
To counsel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal scales two doubtful matters lay, [weigh.
Thou may'st choose safely that which most doth
'Tis not secure this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance stand unbarr'd.
He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,
If he himself secures not from his tail.
Who saith who could such ill events expect?
With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.
Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,
Who just and good whate'er they act believe.
To their wills wedded, to their errors slaves,
No man (like them) they think himself behaves.
This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reason's lure descend.
Fathers sometimes their children's faults regard
With pleasure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (self-admiring) slight;

ı all they do like gold and pearl appears,
others' actions are but dirt to theirs.
· that so highly think themselves above
ther men, themselves can only love.
ɔn and virtue, all that man can boast
other creatures in those brutes are lost.
rve (if thee this fatal error touch,
ı to thyself contributing too much)
ıe who are gen'rous, humble, just, and wise,
ı nor their gold nor themselves idolize;
orm thyself by their example learn,
many eyes can more than one discern.)
yet beware of councils when too full,
ber makes long disputes, and graveness dull:
' their advice be good, their counsel wise,
ength still loses opportunities.
ıte destroys dispatch, as fruits we see
when they hang too long upon the tree.
ıin that husbandman his seed doth sow,
his crop not in due season mow.
n'ral sets his army in array
ıin, unless he fight and win the day.
virtuous action that must praise bring forth,
ıout which slow advice is little worth
they who give good counsel praise deserve,
' in the active part they cannot serve.
ction learned counsellors their age,
ession, or disease, forbids t' engage.

Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd,
Whose wise instructions after-ages gu
Yet vainly most their age in study sp
No end of writing books, and to no e
Beating their brains for strange and hi
Whose knowledge nor delight nor pr
Themselves with doubts both day and
Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but
Books should to one of these four end
For widom, piety, delight, or use.
What need we gaze upon the spangle
Or into matter's hidden causes pry,
To describe ev'ry city, stream, or hil
I'th'world, our fancy with vain arts tc
What is't to hear a sophister that ple
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audienc
If we were wise these things we shoul
But more delight in easy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'st d
To live and die is all we have to do :
The way (if no digression's made) is
And free access if we but ask is give
Then seek to know those things which
And having found them lock them in
Inquiring then the way, go on, nor sl
But mend thy pace, nor think of going
Some their whole age in these inquirie
And die like fools before one step the

'Tis strange to know the way and not t'advance;
That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach not do.
And standing still themselves make others go.
In vain on study time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.
The soldier that philosopher well blam'd
Who long and loudly in the schools declaim'd;
" Tell," said the soldier, " venerable Sir!
" Why all these words this clamour and this stir?
" Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day,
" Whilst one says only yea, and t'other nay?"
" Oh," said the Doctor, " we for wisdom toil'd
" For which none toils too much." The soldier smil'd;
" You're grey and old, and to some pious use
" This mass of treasure you should now reduce
" But you your store have hoarded in some bank,
" For which th' infernal spirits shall you thank.
Let what thou learnest be by practice shown;
'Tis said that Wisdom's children make her known.
What's good doth open to th' inquirer stand,
And itself offers to th' accepting hand:
All things by order and true measures done;
Wisdom will end as well as she begun.
Let early care thy main concerns secure,
Things of less moment may delays endure.
Men do not for their servants first prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;

Yet when we're sick the doctor's fetch'd in haste,
Leaving our great concernment to the last.
When we are well, our hearts are only set
(Which way we care not) to be rich or great.
What shall become of all that we have got?
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a trifle is a moment's breath
Laid in the scale of everlasting death
What's time when on eternity we think?
A thousand ages in that sea must sink.
Time's nothing but a word; a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much dost owe thou much must pay;
Think on the debt against th' accompting-day.
God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent,
Will ask how these two talents have been spent.
Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind;
He's mad that seeks what no man e'er could find.
Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein
Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin?
What thoughts man's reason better can become
Than th'expectation of his welcome home?
Lords of the world have but for life their lease,
And that too (if the lessor please) must cease.
Death cancels Naure's bonds, but for our deeds
(That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds.
If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail
Condemned debtors from th' eternal jail.

Christ's blood's our balsam; if that cure us here,
Him, when our Judge, we shall not find severe;
His yoke is easy when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis cast.
Be just in all thy actions; and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind.
If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,
But wind about till you have topp'd the hill.
To the same end men sev'ral paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the same hand into a fist may close,
Which instantly a palm expanded shows.
Justice and faith never forsake the wise,
Yet may occasion put him in disguise;
Not turning like the wind, but if the state
Of things must change, he is not obstinate:
Things past and future with the present weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour says.
Few things by wisdom are at first believ'd;
An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
For many truths have often pass'd for lies,
And lies as often put on truth's disguise:
As flattery too oft' like friendship shows,
So them who speak plain truth we think our foes.
No quick reply to dubious questions make;
Suspense and caution still prevent mistake.
When any great design thou dost intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end:

All great concernments must delays endure;
Rashness and haste make all things unsecure;
And if uncertain thy pretensions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty;
But if to unjust thing, thou dost pretend,
Ere they begin let thy pretensions end.
Let thy discourse be such that thou may'st give
Profit to others, or from them receive.
Instruct the ignorant; to those that live
Under thy care good rules and patterns give:
Nor is't the least of virtues to relieve
Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve.
Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love;
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve.
Thy friend, like flatt'ry, too much praise doth wrong,
And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue:
But let inviolate truth be always dear
To thee; ev'n before friendship truth prefer.
Than what thou mean'st to give still promise less:
Hold fast the pow'r thy promise to increase.
Look forward what's to come, and back what's past,
Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd:
What loss or gain may follow thou may'st guess,
Thou then wilt be secure of the success:
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent:
When our minds' eyes are disengag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and distinctly see;

They quicken sloth, perplexities untye,
Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollify;
And tho' our hands from labour are releast,
Yet our minds find (ev'n when we sleep) no rest.
Search not to find how other men offend,
But by that glass thy own offences mend;
Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own actions others' judgments learn;
Often by small great matters we discern.
Youth what man's age is like to be doth show;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.
Let none direct thee what to do or say,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway.
Let not the pleasing many thee delight; [right.
First judge if those whom thou dost please judge
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round
Standing, and whence no safe descent is found.
In vain his nerves and faculties he strains
To rise, whose raising unsecure remains.
They whom desert and favour forwards thrust,
Are wise when they their measures can adjust.
When well at ease, and happy, live content,
And then consider why that life was lent.
When wealthy, show thy wisdom not to be
To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.

Tho' all alone, yet nothing think or do
Which nor a witness nor a judge might know.
The highest hill is the most slipp'ry place,
And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face;
And her unsteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high pow'r, but seldom holds them fast;
Against her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herself confines.
More in prosperity is reason tost
Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost:
Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,
But with side-winds into safe harbours steer:
More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.
Who casts out threats and frowns no man deceives;
Time for resistance and defence he gives;
But flatt'ry still in sugar'd words betrays,
And poison in high-tasted meats conveys:
So Fortune's smiles unguarded man surprise,
But when she frowns he arms, and her defies.

OF JUSTICE.

'Tis the first sanction Nature gave to man,
Each other to assist in what they can;
Just or unjust this law for ever stands;
All things are good by law which she commands.
The first step, man towards Christ must justly live,
Who to us himself, and all we have, did give.
In vain doth man the name of Just expect,
If his devotions he to God neglect.
So must we rev'rence God, as first to know
Justice from him, not from ourselves, doth flow.
God those accepts who to mankind are friends,
Whose Justice far as their own pow'r extends;
In that they imitate the Pow'r divine;
The sun alike on good and bad doth shine;
And he that doth no good, altho' no ill,
Does not the office of the just fulfil.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer;
'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear;
We live not only for ourselves to care.
Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.
Wise Plato said the world with men was stor'd,
That succour each to other might afford;
Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,
But sev'ral parts to sev'ral men consign'd.

He that of his own stores no part can give;
May with his counsel or his hands relieve.
If Fortune make thee pow'rful, give defence,
'Gainst fraud and force, to naked innocence:
And when our Justice doth our tributes pay,
Method and order must direct the way.
First to our God we must with rev'rence bow;
The second honour to our prince we owe;
Next to wives, parents, children, fit respect,
And to our friends and kindred we direct:
Then we must those who groan beneath the weight
Of age, disease, or want, commiserate.
'Mongst those whom honest lives can recommend,
Our Justice more compassion should extend:
To such who thee in some distress did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with int'rest should be paid.
As Hesiod sings, spread waters o'er thy field,
And a most just and glad increase t'will yield.
But yet take heed, lest doing good to one
Mischief and wrong be to another done:
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine:
That liberality's but cast away
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.
And no access to wealth let rapine bring;
Do nothing that's unjust to be a king.
Justice must be from violence exempt,
But fraud's her only object of contempt.

Fraud in the fox, force in the lion, dwells,
But Justice both from human hearts expels;
But he's the greatest monster (without doubt)
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and slanders bear their share.
Truth justice loves, and truth injustice fears;
Truth above all things a just man reveres.
Tho' not by oaths we God to witness call,
He sees and hears, and still remembers all;
And yet our attestations we may wrest
Sometimes, to make the truth more manifest.
If by a lie a man preserve his faith,
He pardon, leave, and absolution hath;
Or if I break my promise, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy trust, conceal,
Nor what's forbid by any means reveal.
Express thyself in plain not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or dispute affords.
Unless thou find occasion hold thy tongue;
Thyself or others careless talk may wrong.
When thou art called into public pow'r,
And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,
Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms;
Small praise from len'ty and remissness comes:
Crimes pardon'd others to those crimes invite,
Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright.

When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is spilt
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest g
Who accuse rigour make a gross mistake;
One criminal pardon'd may an hundred mak
When Justice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthr
As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire
T' unlock the gates and set the town on fire
Yet let the punishment th' offence exceed,
Justice with weight and measure must proce
Yet when pronouncing sentence seem not gl
Such spectacles, tho' they are just, are sad;
Tho' what thou dost thou ought'st not to re
Yet human bowels cannot but relent.
Rather than all must suffer some must die;
Yet Nature must condole their misery:
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'st not these condemn and those a
Justice when equal scales she holds is blind
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind.
When some escape for that which others die
Mercy to those to these is cruelty.
A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives;
And if she catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmer d
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
They tear her cords, like Sampson, and e

So like a fly the poor offender dies,
But like the wasp the rich escapes and flies.
Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend,
Or after warning the offence forget;
So God himself our failings doth remit.
Expect not more from servants than is just;
Reward them well if they observe their trust:
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our brothers made:
If his offence be great let that suffice;
If light forgive; for no man's always wise.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

OF A MODERN AUTHOR

UPON THE GAME OF CHESS.

A TABLET stood of that abstersive tree
When Æthiop's swarthy bird did build her nest,
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Afric's prudent beast.
Two kings like Saul, much taller than the rest,
Their equal armies draw into the field;
Till one taks th' other pris'ner they contest
Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.
This game the Persian Magi did invent,
The force of Eastern wisdom to express;
From thence to busy Europeans sent,
And styl'd by modern Lombards Pensive Chess.
Yet some that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthesilia Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons his Trojans taught this sport,
To pass the tedious hours of ten years' siege.
There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers
Look gravely on whilst fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modesty her motions steers,
Nor rudely skips o'er bishops' heads like knights.

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